V. S. Pritchett on Koestler

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Preventing Eden's War

THE surge of public opinion against the government's preparations for war with Egypt has secured a change of tone but not of policy. When the more plausible (but less crucial) phrases are stripped from Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's broadcast, its hard core remains the declaration that, unless the Franco-British terms are accepted, force will be used to save "the right of free passage through the canal" from what the Foreign Secretary calls "the transient impulses of a single military dictator". Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, indeed, seemed to imply that Britain would not even wait to see whether President Nasser interfered with the right of free passage. His argument was designed to prove that "an act of aggression" has already occurred, and that, unless Egypt concedes that the canal should be operated by an international authority, Britain and France have the right and the intention to start a war.

Last Tuesday's broadcast, in fact, was close to an ultimatum. Its form and its content both suggest that, in Whitehall at least, this week's conference is seen merely as an attempt to create a decent diplomatic fig-leaf for a military campaign which has already been prepared. The details of the preparations may be concealed by the law of official secrets, but it is common knowledge that thousands of men are now being called up, that landing-craft are being taken out of reserve, and that large supplies of stores are being moved to the ports. The delegates who have been summoned to London are well aware of these facts; they know too that both the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary have committed themselves to the overthrow of President Nasser. No other explanation fits the pattern of repeated personal abuse which is reminiscent of Hitler's attacks on Benes in 1938—if not of Churchill's wartime attacks on the dictators. There is no intention, so far as London is concerned, of negotiating with Nasser. He is to give way, or suffer the consequences.

No doubt there will be an effort on the part of several nations at the Conference, including India and the United States, to find some route by which Sir Anthony can extricate himself from this foolish and dangerous position. Mr. Dulles has already proved to be a restraining influence. He is willing to allow the Egyptians to operate the canal, and to confine the international authority to supervision of rates and maintenance of the right of free passage. President Nasser, for his part, has offered to call an international conference, much wider in scope than that now meeting in London, to review the Convention of 1888 and draft a covenant reaffirming freedom of navigation —so long as such an agreement does not prejudice Egypt's right to own and operate the canal. Are the differences between these points of view wide enough to justify the contemptuous denunciations of President Nasser's sincerity and the wild speculation about his aims as a "military dictator"? Not at all. The Egyptian and American attitudes are close enough to permit a negotiated compromise. The difficulty lies in the present refusal of Britain and France to consider anything short of capitulation from Cairo.

This is the crucial point on which public opposition to an unjustified and unnecessary war must focus. The Labour Party has sought to escape the bi-partisan trap into which some of its leaders seemed to be leading it. But it is not enough, in this crisis, merely to say that this is a matter for the United Nations and that Britain should do nothing which violates the U.N. Charter. Labour's case against a military adventure in the Middle East is weakened by its support for economic sanctions against Egypt. What is now needed is a clear statement that the party will launch a national campaign against the war preparations now being undertaken in defiance of our U.N. obligations, in defiance of much of world opinion, and, not least, in defiance of the plain facts of the situation. Such a campaign will be decisive, if Mr. Gaitskell and his colleagues act resolutely. A British "act of aggression" could only be perpetrated under cover of bi-partisanship.

Comments on the Week's News

National Disunity

Of all the strange statements that appeared in *The Times* this week, surely the oddest is its reference to the "remarkable solidity" of public opinion. Is Printing House Square so far from daily life that it sees in the anti-war headlines in the *Daily Mirror* no evidence of public opinion? After all, the *Daily Mirror* has a circulation of nearly five million. Or is *The Times* so pleased with its alliance with the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Telegraph* that it is oblivious of the powerful articles in the *Manchester Guardian*, the clear warnings of the *News Chronicle* and the *Herald*, and the outspoken views of the *Observer*, the *Economist*, *Tribune* and this journal?

The incident in which the Prime Minister was received in Downing Street on Tuesday night, not by the expected group of admirers but by an orderly but highly critical body of angry citizens, has also some significance. If this had been one of those familiar, organised leftist and pacifist demonstrations, Sir Anthony might, of course, brush it aside as insignificant. In fact, the demonstration followed a Labour meeting at Caxton Hall expected to number perhaps 300 strong. In the event, the doors had to be closed on several hundred people who were unable to get in. At least a thousand persons had come to a little-publicised meeting on a political issue on a fine night in the middle of August. Similar meetings opposing the government's warlike threats are likely to erupt in other parts of the country. If so, the organisation will arise spontaneously out of a passionate disapproval of an aggressive war policy. It will not be called into existence by any party or ideological group. Never has British public opinion been more sharply divided.

A Strange Conference

President Nasser's moderate statement suggesting that the conference should not be held in London and should represent all, and not merely a selected group, of the powers that use the Suez Canal (why, in particular, was Yugoslavia omitted?) was regarded in many British newspapers as not unreasonable. His act of nationalisation was carried out in a foolish and provocative way. But he shows no signs of allowing himself to be provoked by British threats into actions which could be interpreted as aggressive, such as refusing to allow ships to pass through unless they pay their dues to Cairo. He has clearly listened to good advice. Not only India, but also the Soviet Union appear to be steadily influencing President Nasser in the direction of moderation. The Soviet Union will no doubt use the opportunity of this conference for propaganda purposes. It will hammer away at British imperialism and encourage Arab nationalism. But the Russians do not believe that war nowadays can be localised and they will seek a compromise. On the other side, while America will verbally support the West, its influence will be directed to moderating British and French violence. The U.S. is equally sceptical that a war to crush Arab nationalism could be localised. In the absence of Egypt the conference can scarcely reach a settlement since Egypt is unlikely to accept any direct recommendation from the conference. The best that can be hoped is that a moderate scheme will be evolved with the help of the non-aggressive powers at the conference, and that such a scheme will be submitted to the United Nations.

Unrest in Malta

The Gilbertian episode of the interruption of the British-owned radio rediffusion service in Malta was not of itself a very serious matter. But, taken in conjunction with Mr. Mintoff's formal letter to Sir Anthony Eden, it illustrates what the Maltese premier reasonably describes as "the deteriorating state of affairs . . . in relations between the two governments." The Maltese complaints may be somewhat exaggerated in detail. It is to be doubted, for instance, whether Mr. Mintoff really believes that "by the third or fourth week of next month no funds will be available even to meet the salaries and wages of government employees." It is axiomatic that Whitehall will not allow such a situation to arise. Nor is it quite fair to complain on the constitutional side that "little or nothing has been done by the Colonial Office . . . since the approval by the House of Commons of the Malta round-table conference report." In fact, Mr. Mintoff has always known that the necessary constitutional legislation could not be introduced before the next session of parliament. Nevertheless, despite exaggeration, Mr. Mintoff's political instinct is as usual, sound. He is right to impress on the government and the public the urgency of settling the economic and constitutional problem of Malta once and for all. There is, for instance, no good reason why the economic commission promised last month should not have been appointed; and Maltese dissatisfaction with the procrastination is understandable. Moreover the Dyarchy cannot, since the round-table conference, be more than a makeshift, certain to lead to friction. Finally—and this is what probably underlies the sudden new manifestation of Maltese discontent—Sir Anthony Eden must realise that his aggressive preparations against Egypt have understandably made the Maltese wonder whether a State of Emergency, decreed by the governor without consultation, might not be used as the means of trying to draft them into the British war plan. The ripples from the brick that Sir Anthony has dropped are spreading across the Mediterranean.

B.M.C. Capitulates

The strike against the British Motor Corporation has been won by the unions and, rather surprisingly, won much sooner than had seemed possible. Since the annual holidays came only a few days after the strike began, the loss in B.M.C. output was relatively small. It seems likely, therefore, that Sir Leonard Lord was as much influenced by pressure from other employers and from the government as he was by the sanctions imposed upon B.M.C. by the unions concerned. Nevertheless, it was clear that the unions were determined to fight this dispute out and that they would have been able to prevent the B.M.C. from re-opening after the holidays. Sir Leonard therefore chose to capitulate at the crucial moment. The terms of the settlement are important, not only because they concede the essential union demands—an effort to reassimilate redundant men wherever possible, compensation for men with three or more years' employment, and prior consultation before any future dismissals for redundancy—but because they set a precedent on which the unions can almost certainly insist if a similar situation arises with other employers. This precedent, indeed, is a turning-point in industrial relations, for it establishes the principle that men cannot be dismissed without proper consultation, notice or compensation, merely to suit the convenience of the employer. And much of the credit for this must go to Mr. Frank Cousins, the secretary of the Transport Workers, who risked his reputation on this strike very soon after assuming office. He has, in fact, served notice that the largest union in this country, whose leaders in recent years have been the main opponents of industrial militancy, is now preparing for industrial struggle.

Dominant Whites

Those who opposed the federation of Central Africa were constantly assured by its supporters that there was no reason to fear any diminution in the powers of Britain to protect the Africans. In particular, the fear that this was a step towards granting dominion status to the dominant whites, as in South Africa, was brushed aside. In view of the constant white settler attacks on Colonial Office rule and on British tenderness towards the African majority, these denials always seemed somewhat naive. It is now evident that the white politicians, at least, visualised federation as a part of their manoeuvres towards independence. Lord Malvern's clumsiness in putting the case for dominion status resulted in a rebuff in London; but it has been immediately followed by a unanimous resolution of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament and renewed attacks on the protection given by the Colonial Office to the Africans. This campaign has been stimulated by the realisation that the Gold Coast will soon become a full member of the Commonwealth. It has also been marked by vicious attacks on the Northern Rhodesian Africa National Congress, under the now moderate leadership of Harry Nkumbula. The appearance of such antipathy to African progress in West Africa, and organisation in Central Africa, is an apt commentary on the white conception of racial partnership, which was supposed to be the basis of federation.

The Cricket Industry

County cricket has seldom paid for itself. Gate receipts often fail to cover even the bare administrative expenses of a match, let alone the players' wages; and even when membership fees and shares in receipts from Test Matches were added, the net loss over the counties before the war was around £30,000 a year. Most of that was made good by a few wealthy supporters. Today, the losses are still there but the wealthy supporters are not. Many clubs subsist only with the help of raffles, whist drives and football pools. P. E. P., in *The Cricket Industry*, wonders if county cricket is worth this trouble. Obviously, it does not give more than a few the chance of playing it; and if it does give large numbers the chance to watch it, not many—perhaps nine millions, compared with the sixty millions who watch soccer—take advantage of the chance. Does it exist to encourage, by example, the playing of non-county cricket? Of every hundred boys who play cricket at school, less than ten are playing it when they reach call-up age. Faced with these facts, P. E. P. falls back on faith. As there is no more logic in cricket than there is in the English habit of driving on the left of the road or in early-closing, county cricket may muddle through, too. But why fall back on lethargic comfort? County cricket, in which the best players have a chance to show what an art the game can be, *does* stimulate some others into playing themselves. It *is* an attraction

to spectators—given decent weather, the crowds are always large on Saturdays and Mondays. Why not cut the programme, so that each county plays the others only once in a season, and hold these matches at the week-end when the crowds can come? This would mean some readjustment in the life of the professional player; but in these days a man can still play cricket and do a part-time job. And, as P.E.P. recognises, professionals as well as amateurs can play on Sundays.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Rome

The Bitter Heart

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Last week's mining disaster near Charleroi was perhaps a greater tragedy for Italy than for Belgium. At least the Belgians died in their own land. It is not the first time that Italian miners have lost their lives in the Belgian mines, and the present catastrophe brought home once more the tragedy of Italy's social conditions, which still force a percentage of the population to emigrate. 134 of the 262 buried miners were Italians, most of them of peasant origin. It was the old, old story of the Southern peasant, riding a mule over his volcanic hills in a vain search for work; then emigrating, usually across the Atlantic, never to be seen again in his native land. "Don't forget to bind the vines," one of the miners had written in his last letter.

Many came from the Abruzzi mountains near Pescara. Their native villages were clusters of grey hovels on the hill-tops. They leave behind them families quickly resigned to their fate, women who have always dressed in black. The Italian consul sent telegrams to the mayors of the villages, telling them to inform the families "with discretion." But they were people who already knew, from the dilapidated state of the Abruzzi ironstone mines, what to expect from a mine disaster of that proportion. Pathetic were the attempts of these impoverished relatives to reach the scene of the disaster. Well-meaning Italian authorities stopped them at the frontier. Dressed as if they were still at the doors of their Abruzzi houses, they stood weeping amid the confusion of Milan station.

One can hardly blame the Left for making the most of the tragedy. Suez has passed into second place with the left-wing press. There had been repeated pressure from the left-wing trade union, the CGIL, on the Italian government to insist on the modernisation of the Belgian mines. Because of continual disasters, the Italian government had, in fact, suspended this emigration. The Italian press is united in its exasperation with the Belgian authorities. Criticism of the mining conditions has turned into a mixture of racial bitterness and a condemnation of the Belgian brand of Socialism. *Il Giorno*, independent Milanese daily, writes:

> Belgian Socialism is not only "His Majesty's Socialism" (so is the British, but, in spite of this, how many profoundly revolutionary reforms have been carried out), but it is essentially an "owners' Socialism". M. Spaak, the invincible consul of this social and political phenomenon—Belgian Socialism—represents in the full meaning of the term, even physically, the problemless felicity of little Belgium. Congratulations.
>
> They have got the Congo, a king, coal and Sabena . . . but they do not modernise their mines—and the men of black bread and black olives, the men of southern Europe, men with an intense memory of the sun in their minds, are three thousand feet below the ground, trapped like rats . . . while their last pay-cheques travel southwards across Europe on the night-train.

Paris

Second Thoughts

Our Paris Correspondent writes: After a fortnight of patriotic hullabaloo, Paris is having uneasy second thoughts. Even members of the government are beginning to realise that it was a mistake to link Suez with the Algerian war. Unfortunately, the swing to sanity has come too late. Messrs Mollet and Pineau have already presented the Suez grab to the French public as a final trial of strength between the West—at last united—and the Arab world—at last unmasked, while in Algeria, M. Lacoste has been employing the considerable resources of his propaganda machine to tell the Algerians that their "idol and protector," Nasser, will be overturned by the "Anglo-French coalition," backed by America. The government has treated the Suez crisis, in short, as a trump card which a benevolent providence had suddenly thrust into a hand which was beginning to look suspiciously like a Yarborough. This was not, in the first place, an honourable policy for a government dominated by Socialists. Moreover, policies are judged by their success. The fall of Nasser might conceivably have had some effect on the morale of the Algerian rebels; but before making it the central point in a violent political offensive, the government should have made quite sure they had the means to bring it about. As a result, they are now out on a limb, and any compromise over Suez—no matter how favourable—will be, in Algerian eyes, an unequivocable French defeat.

Significantly enough, the government received early and anxious warning on this very point from their able ambassador in Cairo, M. Armand du Chayla, who pointed out to M. Pineau that his bluff was likely to be called. Pineau replied that France could rely on "Western solidarity." Now, two weeks later, his confidence seems wildly optimistic. Ordinary Frenchmen are beginning to read the fine print below the screaming headlines, and they are finding an increasingly divided Britain and an increasingly reluctant America.

Peking

Preparing for the Congress

A Student of the Chinese press writes: Provincial Communist Party conferences and theoretical articles on Communist policy are part of the preparations for the 8th Congress which begins on September 15 in Peking. These show that there is a close similarity in the problems that the Chinese party leaders have to meet, but important differences between primarily rural and undeveloped areas like Inner Mongolia and a district like Fukien. At the Liaoning Congress, after reporting great achievements in the Shenyang pneumatic tool works, the pump factory and the petroleum refinery, the 623 delegates present considered that much more was needed to combat "conservative ideology"; "unilateral viewpoints and adventurism" had crept into certain work units, demonstrating "subjectivism and bureaucratism on the part of the provincial committee and the leadership at certain levels". The chief need, the conference decided, "was to strengthen the collective leadership of the party". The Kiangsu Provincial Congress criticised the outgoing committee for its rigidity in paying too much attention to the cities and larger industries, so that small industries and handicrafts suffered. In their criticism of cultural, educational and public health work, propaganda on the question of intellectuals "was not penetratingly carried" to the broad masses of workers and peasants, so that in some areas violations of the policy were reported, while "higher intellectuals" were given heavy assignments that deprived them of the

" . . . and let me welcome the representatives of all *the countries so vitally concerned."*

time they required for adequate research work.

For Inner Mongolia, as for the majority of provinces, this was the first meeting of a provincial Congress. Important changes have been made in this area where improved communications (especially railways) are opening up vast areas of China. The Congress "sharply criticised the unconscious feeling of conceit and self-complacency within the party". In these areas, where there are large minority groups, the delegates included Mongols, Koreans, Huis, Manchus and others. The Fukien Congress naturally reported on coastal defence and the work of overseas Chinese. Hard things were said about the weak political work of the party; "some cadres unilaterally stressed the fulfilment of tasks, not conducting propaganda, not resorting to persuasion, and merely resorting to compulsion and commandism, and even to violations of the law and party discipline".

In his article "Why a Communist Party member must accept the supervision of the party and the people" (*Political Study*), P'Ing Fan illustrates the extremely tough discipline imposed on party members. This is partly because most of the members "come from the old society. Due to the lack of self-training on the basis of political consciousness, many comrades . . . are still imbued with the influence of the reactionary traditional thinking of the old society. Their unilateral method of thinking, together with their lack of practical experience, also causes them to encounter all sorts of difficulties and make many mistakes as they march forward". Hence, "short of party and mass supervision they would not be able to discover and correct their errors, thus gradually losing the noble quality of a Communist Party member and the respect of the people". The *Chung Kuo Ching Nien Pao* editorial on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party says confidently that the party is "invested with wisdom", and describes how the correct study of Marxist-Leninism has guided the Chinese revolution. Mao Tse-tung himself is too intelligent to consider himself infallible: he cannot forget the results of the Russians' belief in their infallibility.

Moscow

Grain and Democracy

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: This year's harvest is turning out to be the most serious test of Communist methods of government that has arisen since the party challenged the Ministry of the Interior and broke Beria. The virgin land development scheme, which has added about 130,000 square miles to the country's grain area, is being run on a "volunteer" basis; it is, probably, the first large development plan to have been implemented without forced labour for many years. The hundreds of thousands of new settlers in Kazakhstan, Siberia and the Urals, like the 200,000 "strong-willed, physically-fit youths and girls, not younger than eighteen years of age" who have joined them for two months' harvesting this year, have not been shipped there in cattle-trucks under armed guard, kept behind barbed wire and deprived of their civic rights. When I visited some of the young settlements in the Altai region of south-west Siberia I found that though material conditions were extremely rough—so rough indeed that a few fainter-hearted elements had risked social opprobrium and gone back home—the feeling that they were enjoying a freer life in the steppes than was possible in the towns was a real compensation to the average settlers for their remoteness.

Exceptionally favourable weather conditions in the east have radically changed the pattern of grain production this year. The Ukraine, the traditional granary of the U.S.S.R., will take only third place in procurements. Russia, which in this connection means mainly Siberia, is expected to procure about 35m metric tons—as much as the whole U.S.S.R. used to deliver to the state—while those in charge in Kazakhstan will have to handle three times more grain than during the bumper harvest of 1954. The man-power problem has been temporarily solved by offering factory workers and office clerks two months' harvesting at full pay plus 50 per cent. of their average earnings at their regular jobs, though Krushchev has admitted that this measure is highly inconvenient and that "we must not abuse the feelings of patriotism of our youth." The problem of machines is partly being solved by moving 11,000 combines and over 30,000 motor lorries by rail from the southern regions where the harvest comes earlier. But the problem of storage remains acute and entails much anxiety. A report from Kazakhstan in late July revealed that less than half the 650 granaries and store houses required were ready and that only one of 13 new elevators had been commissioned.

There is much going on in this country to show that behind the attack on The Cult an intense struggle, led by the party, is going on to replace what may conveniently be called police rule—"police" because as an ultimate resort Stalin's officials relied on the forces of the Ministry of the Interior to see that their orders were carried out—with the rule of the Soviets, reinforced by socialist law. It is proving no easy matter to revive the moribund Soviets, especially as the officials of the executives are by and large the same persons who for years acted if not in the name then in the interests of the Ministry of the Interior. It is one thing to re-establish the authority of the courts, to alleviate punishment or annul it entirely for less dangerous crimes. But it is quite another thing to "draw the masses into the administration of the state" by getting people to exercise control through the elected Soviets of the work of the executive and subordinate organs.

It is largely a matter of reviving the methods by which public control can be exercised. In recent months conferences of deputies of the Supreme Soviets of the Republics have been held in many districts. Their aim is the extension of contacts with the electors. Conferences have been convened by the party, too, in Moscow and in the provinces in an attempt to bring the rank-and-file together with leaders. A recent editorial in *Soviet State and Law* complained sharply about bad reporting back by deputies and of the abandonment of the right of recall and of by-elections in this connection. Serious thought is being given to proposals, that originate in public opinion, that at the next local elections the process of eliminating all save one candidate prior to election day should be curtailed and the electorate given an opportunity of choice between several candidates properly put forward. Finally, *Izvestia* has called for questions to ministers and leaders of executive committees and their departments. We may yet see Question Time in the Soviets.

The Logic of Suez

How far will Nasser's successful seizure of the Suez Company affect our general position in the Middle East? The answer to this question will become clearer when we have answered another: how far was the Suez seizure premeditated? It was, of course, a direct response to a deliberate western rebuff. It seems likely, however, that Nasser intended to take over the canal in any case, and that our withdrawal from the Aswan dam scheme merely forced him to act more quickly. Since the military junta seized power, Egypt has planned its policies in close collaboration with Saudi Arabia, which in the last two years has been pursuing a systematic campaign against British interests in southern Arabia and the Persian Gulf. In the old days before the rise of popular nationalism in the Middle East we should, of course, have relied on military force to reply to this campaign. For this purpose we still have three battalions in Aden, small detachments in Bahrein, Qattar and Kuweit, the Trucial Levies and the Muscat and Oman Field Force, both of battalion strength. We keep a cruiser in the Gulf and a few squadrons of obsolescent fighters in Iraq.

Today, with the Middle East ablaze with anti-western feeling, these physical means of protecting oilfields which annually provide 100 million tons of crude petrol (including two-thirds of our own supplies), seem almost irrelevant. Even if we were strong enough to install governments of our choice in every Arab state, that would not help us to prevent the sabotage of the pipe lines which cross hundreds of miles of desert. The Syrians have given warning that this would be the result of military action against Nasser, and we all know that no mobilisation of force could maintain our oil supplies against a hostile population. It is literally true that to fight for oil is the one certain way of losing it.

Unfortunately, our senseless display of force against Egypt—which short of interference in the free passage of shipping could not legally be applied—has played into Nasser's hands. The Arab world is united against us. Our remaining allies are bowing to the nationalist storm and taking out discreet insurance policies in Cairo. The fact that Nuri es Said, who has kept Iraq firmly in the British camp for a quarter of a century, felt obliged to endorse Nasser's *coup* is a startling warning of the shape of things to come. The Sheikh of Kuweit—whose territory produces over a third of all the oil in the Middle East—is already withdrawing sterling from London in anticipation of a move to nationalise the Kuweit Oil Company. Such news as the British censorship allows to trickle out of Bahrein is equally disturbing.

We should be unable to defend these Middle Eastern possessions effectively, even if we could concentrate large forces in the area. If, as now seems only too possible, the Nuri government falls, there is nothing to prevent Iraq from withdrawing from the Baghdad Pact, by virtue of which we hold our bases, or from taking over I.P.C.'s wells and installations. To attempt to occupy Iraq—which, in military terms, is scarcely feasible—would be a direct contravention of the U.N. Charter. Even in the Gulf states we should find it difficult to maintain our position by force and without interrupting the flow of oil. Here again we should have to act without a shred of legal justification. Although we treat the Gulf sheikdoms as colonies, they are, in law, independent states. The treaties which guarantee our presence, dating from the 19th century, gave us political and commercial privileges in return for naval protection against pirates. Since the discovery of oil we have exploited these agreements ruthlessly, interpreting them in senses they were never intended. If the local rulers, acting under nationalist pressure, choose to renounce them, we

should have no legal alternative except to negotiate new contracts.

In the event of a showdown, therefore, our position will be virtually indefensible. Only by planning ahead and using our diplomatic wits can we hope to preserve our basic interest: the continuous supply of sterling oil. But first, we must convince ourselves that the general hostility of the Arab world is not a mysterious and inexplicable phenomenon: it is largely of our own making. We created the Arab states during the first world war in order to defeat Turkey. Publicly, in our declaration of war aims, we guaranteed their sovereignty. Privately, we signed the Sykes-Picot agreement with France and carved up the Middle East between us. When peace came the Arabs discovered that most of our promises were worth little. During the inter-war years, therefore, while we continued to rule through Hashemite puppet sovereigns and feudal sheiks, anti-British feeling grew. So long as Egypt was under our control and Saudi Arabia remained backward and poverty-stricken, opposition elements were relatively powerless. In recent years, however, the Egyptian revolution and the flow of oil dollars into Jeddah have provided a political orientation for anti-British nationalism and the means to finance it.

We have responded to this changed situation with characteristic ineptitude. British Middle Eastern policy is run jointly by the Arabophile lobby in the Foreign Office and the big oil companies. In the immediate post-war period the former had the upper hand. The oil companies privately complained bitterly of the lack of "firmness" in dealing with grasping and improvident Arab states, and when the Persians seized Abadan their pressure became more insistent. They appear to have had their way eventually; certainly in recent years British policy has become markedly more belligerent (paradoxically, force has appeared more attractive since the dismantlement of the Suez base removed our last real chance of deploying it). On a political level, we used the excuse of the cold war to erect a ramshackle alliance of northern Middle Eastern powers. We hoped to dragoon our satellites into joining it and thus consolidate our hold under the respectable cloak of anti-Communism. Last autumn, however, the scheme misfired in Jordan —the first rift in our defences. Meanwhile, on a commercial level, Britain yielded to the insistence of the oil companies and began to press the dubious claims of our Gulf puppets to large tracts of the Arabian interior.

When we failed to get the sanction of the international courts we resorted to force—in Buraimi last October and in Oman two months later. We tried hard to persuade America to support this new *realpolitik*, stop Saudi Arabia's supply of dollars and adopt a tough line with Cairo. The Americans were unwilling to change their policy, which is based on the calculations of their oil companies that trouble can always be bought off by raising royalty payments, and at the Washington conference in January they stood their ground. More recently, however, there have been signs—including a reshuffle in the Middle Eastern section of the State Department—of a swing towards the British point of view.

By such means we have driven Arab opinion into the hands of the extremists. Our hysterical reaction to the Suez crisis merely completed the process. The Arab rulers who still remain under our protection are powerless against the rising nationalist tide. The new Arab middle-class—which we have pointedly ignored in all our dealings—is bitterly hostile to us, and in some areas (Iraq is an example) it is now organised and influential. The Arab masses—in whose exploitation we have connived—identify our presence with their misery. All hold British imperialism responsible for the creation of Israel.

If we are to save something from the ruins of our Middle Eastern empire we must attempt to dismantle this wall of hate. Merely to increase the Danegeld paid by the oil companies will scarcely help matters. Nationalism is stronger than self-interest. Responsible Arabs may agree that the maintenance of their commercial links with Britain benefits them as well as us, but they will sacrifice this in order to remove British political control.

Here, indeed, is the crux of the problem. Our first and overriding task, accepting nationalisation as it arrives, must be to substitute commercial agreements for our vulnerable semi-colonial rule. It should not be impossible if we still possess diplomats of skill to prepare the way for an agreed transition. Once it was clear that we were willing to withdraw our forces and negotiate commercial treaties by which the Arabs could sell their oil to us on mutually beneficial terms, the atmosphere of hostility would change. At the same time we must call off our vendetta against the "Southern tier" states, by replacing the Baghdad Pact with a regional agreement open to all Arab countries, and by stopping military operations on the Saudi-Arabian border.

Most of these steps could be described as appeasement. In a sense they are. They could also be described as a constructive attempt to place our relations with the Middle Eastern states on a permanent and workable basis. In any case, what is the alternative? The logical consequence of the Suez seizure is our departure from the Middle East in all but a purely commercial sense; and an orderly and voluntary withdrawal is manifestly preferable to a hasty evacuation, conducted in panic and bitterness.

LE FIGARO
Daily Mail
LE MONDE
DAILY EXPRESS
U.N. CHARTER:
"...ALL MEMBERS SHALL REFRAIN IN THEIR INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS FROM THE THREAT OR USE OF FORCE AGAINST THE
VICKY

The Red Sea Scrolls.

Madison Avenue Politics

In Chicago and San Francisco, the American parties are going through the traditional routine of the party convention. Outwardly, very little has changed. There are still the demonstrations for favourite sons, the florid oratory, the deals in air-conditioned bedrooms. But the performance is becoming a popular entertainment, staged for the benefit of the television audience. For the American party system is changing fast, so fast that the textbooks no longer describe it accurately. In the past, it was dominated by the local bosses. They ruled their city or their state machines, made and unmade candidates, got out the vote. And once every four years, they came together in the convention—the only place where an American party looked like a national party rather than a coalition of local empires—and created a temporary alliance to try to capture the presidency. Today, the conditions that created the bosses are disappearing, and the bosses are going too. They are being replaced by much more powerful and enduring central organisations—there is, in a sense, a "presidential" party built around Mr. Eisenhower—and by much more flexible organisations on the local level. They have lost their "working-class" functions to the trade unions and do not attract the unorganised but growing middle-class.

This middle-class, the suburbanites, is the new element in American politics. They are the people who swelled Eisenhower's huge majority in 1952; they are the Jones family, with its TV set, its year-old car, its subscription to the *Saturday Evening Post*, its mortgage, its niceness. They are prosperous, and anxious. And they are the main market for the hucksters, conditioned by a generation of "commercials" to buy branded washing-machines, breakfast foods and shaving-cream at the nearest store. No wonder that, politically, they respond to the same stimulus, that they are manipulated not by the old-fashioned boss but by young men in grey flannel suits, the "mass-media" specialists, seconded from the advertising agencies of Madison Avenue. To such people, Richard Nixon is not a synthetic and controversial figure. He is one of themselves.

The trend is already firmly established. After the last presidential election, a prominent Democrat told the congressional committee investigating campaign expenditures: "If present tendencies continue, our federal elections will increasingly become contests not between candidates but between great advertising firms". The public relations counsellor has moved in, not merely as the candidate's adviser, but as his policy-maker.

This is, of course, the extension into politics of methods which have long been employed by the larger and more sophisticated corporations. The first of the great press agents was Ivy Lee, who showed the "robber barons" how to make themselves respectable. And as long ago as 1924 he said: "The great publicity man is the man who advises his client what policy to pursue, which, if pursued, would create favourable publicity". Since the backers of Wendell Willkie built him up, almost overnight, into a man of presidential timber, the point of Ivy Lee's remark has been grasped, and grasped especially by the "modern" wing of the Republican Party, dominated by corporation interests with a long experience of public relations. The p.r.o. is no longer a technical consultant, simply putting over a policy decided by the professional politician. He is becoming a professional politician who helps decide what policies are likely to secure electoral results, who may control the purse strings of a campaign, and who has the power to decide what forms of propaganda are to be used. He is one of the new men of power. It has been suggested that Stassen's intrigue against Nixon was part of a bid by one ambitious agency to squeeze another out of the Republican high command.

In a newly published book, Stanley Kelley* makes several studies of this new political type. He takes, for instance, the California firm of Whitaker and Baxter, which specialises in political campaigns—more than 75 in less than 20 years—either for ambitious politicians or for big corporations and interest groups. In almost all these campaigns, the firm's clients have been successful. In one case that Mr. Kelley quotes, California's four and a half million voters were bombarded by

> 10,900,000 pamphlets and leaflets; 4,500,000 postcards; 50,000 letters; 70,000 inches of newspaper display advertising . . . trailers in 160 theatres playing to nearly 2,000,000 people each week; 3,000 spot announcements on 109 radio stations; twelve 15-minute radio programmes. . . .

There were also thousands of posters and local speeches, loudspeaker trucks and, naturally, normal news coverage in the press. And all this, on a single issue, was done in 1948, before television was in general use!

With such experience, it is scarcely surprising that Whitaker and Baxter were retained by the American Medical Association to organise its campaign against "socialised medicine." Through the doctors, and through other professional and business organisations, they launched a quite unscrupulous attack on Mr. Truman's health insurance scheme ("It would bring a third party—a politician—between you and your doctor") which brilliantly obscured the issues at stake and undoubtedly mobilised opinion both against the scheme and, incidentally, behind Republican candidates.

This experience with the embattled doctors led, naturally enough, to the firm's employment—together with other specialists—in the Eisenhower-Nixon campaign of 1952. The purpose of this campaign, according to the elaborate "Campaign Plan" drawn up at the outset, was "to gain entrance" for the two candidates "into every home in America by every means possible so that the warmth of their personalities can be felt." The hucksters had taken over at the top. Mr. Duffy, the president of one of the big advertising agencies involved, was quite clear about this. The job, he said, is "merchandising Eisenhower's frankness, honesty and integrity, his sincere and wholesome approach."

There is no doubt that these techniques were successful. In Eisenhower, certainly, the hucksters had a good product to market. But the interesting feature of their success is that they succeeded in making an impact with the issues they chose as the themes of the campaign. Opinion polls during the campaign showed, as it progressed, that more and more people named Korea, Communism and Corruption as the issues at stake. The public relations men had managed to create a verbal environment which ran right across the nation, disregarding many of the traditional and regional sentiments which are supposed to localise American politics. For once, the presidential candidate was in effective charge of what amounted to a national party.

Does this mean that "issues"—which have always been assumed to be a secondary feature of American politics—are now going to dominate future campaigns? For if it does, the way lies open to national party organisation much closer to the European model. It may mean, indeed, that the long-expected and never-materialising realignment of American parties is beginning to take place. It is too soon yet to say. But it is not too soon to see the dangers that lie in the new techniques. Formally, by using issues in this way, they are restoring debate to American elections. Yet it is not debate, it is really the manœuvring of a captive audience into the polling booths, achieved by the party that can hire the best technicians and give them most money to play with. Nixon's famous television appearance in 1952 was a turning point in his career. It cost $75,000. If you have $75,000, however, you can reach 18 million viewers for 0.004 cents a head.

Norman MacKenzie

* *Professional Public Relations and Political Power.* By Stanley Kelley. *Oxford: Johns Hopkins.* 36s.

Pages from an Indian Diary

"Once you're there," J.F. had said, "you'll look out of the windows and see the pious Hindu ploughing the endless plain. And then you'll know what India's all about."

And there they are: the barely moving ox-teams, scraping the surface of the immense expanse of Western Bengal, dots on the flat, dreamy landscape, as seen out of the air-conditioned window of the Delhi Mail, as she sweeps majestically northwards out of Calcutta. (Incidentally, this super-first class of the Indian air-conditioned coaches is surely the most comfortable railway travel in the world. It is not only cool but silent.)

It is a commonplace that these innumerable ploughmen out there are statistically, materially, morally, economically, politically, the decisive India. Either they, and India generally, click with you or they don't. The mud villages and the slums: the rainbow avalanches of silken colours in the textile shops: the excitement and burden of the sun: the antiquity and the innovation: above all, perhaps, the eclecticism of present-day political India, fastidiously taking what it wants from east and west, while a little turning up its nose at both—no doubt you might well find it all extremely irritating. For no reason that I can name, I find it all incomparably fascinating.

We are bound for a "Community Project", one of those schemes which, together with the even more significant "Agricultural Extension Blocks", represent the Indian Government's attempt to disturb and develop, at last, the way of life of those pious Hindus, ploughing the Gangnetic plain, as they have ploughed it for the last three or four thousand years.

* * *

Caste. The strangest, and surely to our way of thinking, the worst thing in India. How strong is it? Is its grip loosening? Will it be washed away as so much in India—good and bad, ancient and modern, lovely and repulsive—is destined to be washed away by the approaching flood-waters of industrialisation? Panikkar told me yesterday that caste is fading. An untouchable, he said, has just been elected chairman of the village council of his native village in southern India—beating the former zemindar—landowner—in a contested election: a thing unthinkable even a few years ago. Other people are more sceptical.

Lieut. X and Captain Y of the Indian Army

took me out in a motor boat on one of the lakes they have made in this Damodar Valley Project, a scheme of combined hydro-power and irrigation. I insisted on bathing in the lake. They had never done so—Indians are still a little physically unenterprising. As soon as we had stripped, I saw that Captain Y was a Brahmin. He had that sort of string thing round his neck and his loins. Y is elegant, sophisticated and progressive. Like most of the younger Army men I've met, he is intensely interested in India's development, in the Five-Year Plan, and is obviously deeply patriotic. As we sat talking after the swim, he remarked that his father, a big zemindar, had had 33 villages confiscated from him with, according to Y, minimal compensation. But that was all part of a necessary process—though Y didn't pretend to like it.

As we talked, X—whom I've known for some time in England—not a Brahmin, a Maratha, soldier caste I think, produced a flask of coffee. Like other vacuum flasks the screw-on cap thing at the top made a cup for us to drink out of. X handed it to me, I drank from the cup, and then X had some himself. It was now Y's turn. While we were drinking I had seen it coming. There was a slightly cornered look in his eyes. I waited in lively anticipation to see what he would do when X handed him the cup out of which we had both drunk.

Y's manners are exquisite: he would do anything rather than hurt our feelings; he would do anything, that is to say, except drink from the same vessel as us. I could not imagine how he would resolve the dilemma. He took the flask and the cap from X: for a moment he held them without doing anything, his eyes roving rather desperately round the boat. Suddenly I saw them light on the bailer—an old, battered, filthy tin scoop, lying under the thwarts, half full of the oily bilge of an old motor boat. With a quick, graceful movement, Y picked it up.

"This is really quite clean," he said. He made a perfunctory effort to swill the bilge out of it over the side, and then calmly poured his coffee into it. Then he made a brave show, at least, of drinking some. X did not bat an eyelid through all this, whether because he could not conceive of a Brahmin doing anything else, or from sheer tact, I couldn't guess.

I had some difficulty in hiding my amusement at the bilge being preferred to contact with something which had had contact with my lips (and with the lips of another Indian of lower caste?). But, of course, I said nothing. For Y had made so gallant and skilful an effort to escape from his predicament that I would not for the world have let him see that I had noticed anything. After all, the very fact of the presence with me of these agreeable young officers, the very fact that Y *was* an Army officer at all, and the very fact of his bathing and drinking with us (so long as it wasn't actually from the same vessel), showed an immense weakening of the hold of caste upon him.

* * *

"This is what it feels like to me," I said, "when I tell you that I admire the way you've kept up your army, your navy and your air force. You agree: in a way you're even gratified: but on the whole you think it rather bad taste on my part to have mentioned the matter at all."

That seems to be the attitude to defence of the main body of Indian Congress opinion. Fortunately for India, they're not silly about it in practice. They vote adequate sums to their armed forces and they maintain—or rather their military officers maintain for them—what appeared to me to be a genuinely high standard of efficiency.

I got no opportunity to study the air force—though I heard plenty of Vampires swooping about over New Delhi. But I spent a day watching the basic training of the Rajputana Rifles, and the newly formed Guards Brigade, and dined on board a destroyer in Bombay naval docks.

Again, General Williams, whom I met at lunch with Malcolm MacDonald, gave a most encouraging account of the Indian Sandhurst—the all important institution where their future officer corps is being formed.

All in all my guess would be that the Indian armed forces should be completely adequate for the tasks for which they are designed, namely, ensuring that the will of the central government is obeyed, throughout the sub-continent, keeping one jump ahead of Pakistan, and generally ensuring that India isn't pushed around in any *local* conflicts in South-East Asia.

But they could, of course, play no significant part in war with a great power armed with nuclear weapons. This Indian defence *policy* seems very sensible. Nevertheless, this anti-defence *attitude* on their part is irritating. Of course, we are familiar with it in the Labour Party. But here in India it is more extreme. It is as if the small pacifist section of the Labour Party dominated a Labour government, provided the service ministers, carried out a sensible defence policy, and yet went on preaching pacifism. In fact, the Indian motto in defence seems to be: "Trust in non-violence, and keep your powder dry."

* * *

"Minister," I began, "I have spent the day watching your Rajputana Rifles going through their basic training. The recruits seem to be splendid material, do they not?"

"Yes," the minister replied, his soft dreamy old eyes wandering round the room. "Yes indeed, next month, you know, we celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Buddha."

"They showed me," I continued, "the recruits at each stage of their training. One squad were first day men. The next had been ten days with the colours, the next 21 days and so on. The 21-day squad was doing bayonet practice—and a fine vigorous job they seemed to be making of it."

"And what is interesting," the minister resumed, "is that we shall celebrate not only the birth, but also the beatification and also the death, of the Buddha."

"I was told," I said, "that I was seeing the recruits not only of the Rajputana Rifles—whose depot it was—but also of your newly formed Guards Brigade. I was impressed by the smartness of your Guards outside the President's house."

"You see," he said, "the tradition is that these three events—the birth, the beatification, and the death of the Buddha—all occurred on the same day." He smiled tolerantly. "Now whether or not these are historically verifiable events who can say? But, any rate, we celebrate them all together."

"After my morning on the parade ground," I said, "I was entertained in the Rajputana Rifles mess. I was particularly impressed with the quality of the younger officers. They were not only quite obviously intensely patriotic Indians—they also took a keen interest, I could see, in the second Five-Year Plan and the whole development of your great country."

"You must remember, of course," he replied, "that for us Buddhism and Hinduism are by no means mutually exclusive religions. Our Brahmins have always recognised the extreme sanctity of the Buddha. Hence for us Hindus there is nothing strange in this celebration of what—from a western point of view—might be considered a religion other than our own."

"I am sure, minister," I replied, "that all three of your armed forces will continue to be a great credit to India, and I am most grateful to you for allowing me the opportunities to see something of them."

* * *

Being received by an Indian minister can be at one and the same time a familiar and a startling experience. The pattern of the thing is exactly like Whitehall. You are met by a messenger at the main door of the ministry and taken to the minister's private office next door to his room. There you are received by his accomplished and agreeable civil servant P.S. (they always are)—"the minister will be ready in a moment"—the door of the minister's room is thrown open, you march in.

But then may come surprises. This morning I found the minister whom I went to see seated behind his huge, beautiful desk, in his impressive room in the great red-sandstone, Lutyens-designed, secretariat building. As I crossed the threshold, he jumped up, threw his arms above his head, and exclaimed: "My Guru! my Guru!"

I had just enough recollection of Kim to realise that he was greeting me as his teacher.

"I'm so glad, minister," I said, "that you have read my books—another one is just. . . ."

"*Read* your books—we chanted them. In prison we chanted Struggle-book, we chanted Theory-Practice book, till the jailers had to give way—we got all our privileges back—my Guru, my Guru!"

Yielding to none in my admiration of my own works, I yet felt a certain sympathy for the jailers of that prison of the nineteen-thirties who had apparently had whole passages of *The Coming Struggle for Power* and *The Theory and Practice of Socialism* chanted to them by massed choirs of Congress prisoners. No wonder they had quickly surrendered to so formidable a measure of revolt.

I made some feeble efforts to raise the subject of my visit. They were quickly brushed aside. We plunged into the recollection of things past; we were "Thirties bores" to our hearts' content.

After some time, however, the P.S. put his head in at the door: "You remember, minister, that you answer Question No. 5 today?" We were back in Whitehall.

"How long have I got?"

"Four minutes till Questions begin, Sir."

"Good Lord—give me an order paper."

"Here it is, Sir."

"Oh, Bangergee's asking Number 3—and Number 4—he's sure to have lots of supplementaries—we'll be all right—if we rush."

* * *

Not everything in the Indian garden is lovely. In fact India is not a garden at all. It is a jungle, a jungle all the more formidable for being ancient, sophisticated, congested, instead of primitive and wild. In the jungle the best of the young men and women of India are trying to make clearings, little patches of progress, of reason and of hope, chiefly in the form of the "Community Projects" and the "Agricultural Extension Blocks".

Sometimes they succeed, sometimes not. Yesterday I was told of a Community Project which some members of one or other of the American technical advisory services had visited the other day. The American technician was a man of sanguine temperament and long experience in visiting the enterprises of underdeveloped countries. He had contracted the habit of not waiting to listen to the answers to his questions, tediously relayed by interpreters. Whatever he was told he exclaimed: "Splendid! Splendid!"

He had found that this formula was to the satisfaction of all concerned.

However, one of the Community Projects which he had recently visited was *not* a success. The new roads were falling into disrepair: the new wells were running dry. The improved seed had not cropped well: the fertiliser had been wrongly applied.

The American visitor took no particular account of all this. He addressed himself to the village elder and the following dialogue ensued.

"How would you describe the recent changes in your village?"

"I would say that everything is getting worse."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

"And you yourself, what part are you playing in all this village development?"

"I am waiting to die."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

* * *

I have just read one of Walter Lippmann's august pronouncements, which now fall on us, if not from Sinai, at least from the twin peaks of the *Herald Tribune* and the *Manchester Guardian*. And extremely well worth reading they usually are. Lippmann ends his piece with a paragraph which I can see that I shall have to make my text in everything that I write and say about India now that I'm back in England. He writes:

"... we can best appreciate the crucial importance to the future of mankind of what Nehru is doing in India. It is to demonstrate that there is a humane and liberal alternative to the Stalinist way of developing a backward country. But for Nehru's India, backward countries would have no practical alternative model but that provided for them by Soviet Russia and Red China. It is that Nehru, far from being a stooge of Communism, is the most formidable rival in Asia, indeed the only rival in Asia, of Krushchev and Mao Tse-tung."

Precisely. The sooner we hoist that in the better.

JOHN STRACHEY

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Nicholas Smith, of Weston-super-Mare, fined £3 at Slough yesterday for carrying an offensive weapon—a bayonet—told a policeman: "I went to London and thought I had better take it with me to defend myself. You know what it is like in London."—*Daily Express*. (Arthur Moyse.)

A man and his 10-year-old son adrift in a rubber dinghy were rescued yesterday by an R.A.F. helicopter after an airman had been lowered to inquire if they really needed help.

The pilot, Flight Lieutenant K. Annable, said later: "I thought I had better make sure. I rescued a swimmer last week and he complained bitterly afterwards that he did not want to be rescued at all. This couple were delighted."—*The Times*. (N. Robinson.)

Our nation has a divine purpose to fulfil, over which God watches. We may or may not have a clear vision of what that ultimate purpose is, but we do know that "righteousness exalteth a nation" and that under divine providence it will achieve its God-directed purpose.—*Evening News*. (N. Hill.)

Sir Frank Medlicott (Con., Norfolk Central) spoke up for Mr. Lyon, the Chief Justice, with whom he had had 25 years' friendship since he first saw him playing for the Gentlemen against the Players—"I am old-fashioned enough to think there is still some virtue in being a gentleman."—*News Chronicle*. (E. D. Savage.)

Days on the "Worker"

THERE was a time during Franco's siege of Bilbao —Guernica period—when *The Times* ran serious risks of getting no news out of Viscaya at all; its brilliant Special Correspondent there, passionately *engagé*, was a lot busier than some of our generals organising and seeking effectively to direct the Basque defences against Navarrois and Moors. And in Madrid at about the same time Ernest Hemingway was similarly occupied. Some of the generals sneered, fumed and threatened to have such over-participant journalists arrested. Non-participant journalists sneered too.

In my experience, uninvited civilian advisers were right quite as often as the generals. And in any case the urge to put the cover on the typewriter for a bit and man the barricades is irrepressible among many newspapermen. At the *Daily Worker*, when I functioned there, the urge to direct action was so widespread among our reporters that it became quite a hazard to smooth newspaper production. Came an important industrial dispute in, say, Lanarkshire or Glamorgan, and we were kept on tenterhooks all evening wondering whether Our Representative would make the deadline before being locked up by the police or beaten senseless in a battle with blacklegs.

Quite early in my stint for the *Worker* I went out on a story with a veteran staff member—a former textile worker from Lancashire of rather bookish appearance, fluently didactic manner and long training in the dialectic. The idea was that he would captain our team of two, directing my inexperienced attention to the kind of points that would be of special interest to *Worker* readers. The occasion was a rally of Mosley's Blackshirts in—if I recall rightly—West Ham Town Hall, and its special importance was that this was the anti-semites' first major, and vastly provocative invasion of the East End.

There were big, furiously hostile crowds around the hall when we got there, and I paused to scribble a note of the badge-numbers of a posse of police who seemed to be acting as a sort of bodyguard for the Fascist cordon round the hall —allied with them, apparently, against the locals. Separated momentarily from my mentor by this delay, I heard him shouting to me imperiously from the thick of the crowd ahead. Fearing that I was already missing the main story, I fought my way forward.

"Give a hand here, mate," he said as, sparkling with energy and excitement, he began to pry loose from a stationary tramcar one of the indicator boards which at that time were suspended along the sides of tramcars and were a favourite utensil of the under-privileged in London at moments of emergency such as this. An ill-protected side-door of the hall had been reported by someone, and with this board as a battering-ram and the help of one or two others, we might cause havoc in the rear of the enemy. We never actually had a chance to swing the thing against the door because before we could reach it we were set upon by men with truncheons and driven from our objective.

We got into the meeting somehow, and I was dutifully taking a note or two on the speech of some blackshirted ruffian, when my colleague rose in his place to shout some questions about concentration camps and German democracy, and roar out three times "Oop Dimitrov!" We were beaten where we stood, then dragged into the gangway and kicked violently into the street.

By this time—since the *Worker* necessarily had a very early bedtime—we had to think about finding a telephone booth from which to ring in a preliminary story. As we hurried through the outskirts of the crowd my companion gave me advice.

"The proper political perspective on this," he was saying, when out of an alley-way or garage entrance came chugging across our path a Blackshirt motor-cyclist—patrol or courier. Interrupting his remarks, the head of our little team hurled himself forward in a flying tackle, and brought the machine, the Blackshirt, and himself banging to the ground. I was really surprised when we finally reached the telephone with ten minutes or so to spare before our deadline.

After a number of months, part of which I spent participating to some extent in the revolt of the miners of Asturias in north Spain, I too, began to feel a small itch to get out and about in Stanley Baldwin's England and add, to news stories, features and other arrangements of the printed word, a more direct attempt to break through the heavy fog of silence and humbug which, as it seemed to me, had descended upon our land. I filled in such spare time as I had from *The Week*, the *Daily Worker* and the Council for Civil Liberties—then a rather noisy adolescent—by helping to organise what was known with occasionally affectionate and occasionally shocked derision to my friends as "Claud's Terror Troupe."

It wasn't at all a Terror Troupe, but rather a very small publicity gang—there were never more than eight or nine people in it—devoted to doing things that would advertise our various Causes, and doing them in such a way that the newspapers would have to take notice even if it choked them. Since these were instances of "individual action"—if not exactly of that "individual terror" condemned by the orthodox—the Communist Party could not lend them its countenance. It could only go to the length of not automatically expelling people suspected of taking part in such illegal activities. We had to work on our own. And we did produce quite a number of incidents which got things printed that never would have been printed otherwise. It was all rather small-time stuff, but it was interesting work to organise and was, in the oppressive atmosphere of the time, occasionally exhilarating.

The episode of the banner in Fleet Street, however, was interesting both in itself and because it accidentally demonstrated how easy it would have been for real terrorists to have blown up most of the Royal Family and many other leaders of State, Church and Armed Forces all at once at eleven o'clock in the morning in the sight of thousands in the middle of London. This all occurred on Jubilee Day, 1935. With the Great Depression barely over and World War II visibly looming, it seemed that every effort, however puny, should be made to attract maximum attention to the seamy side of the Jubilee brocade.

For quite a while before Jubilee Day the streets

NEXT WEEK

Thoughts on the Popular Press
J. B. PRIESTLEY

A New Outline of Modern Knowledge
WALTER ALLEN

The Mind of the Mathematician
C. P. SNOW

of London had begun to be decked with banners —often of the kind that are strung from one side of the street to the other, displaying to the cavalcade presently to pass beneath them messages of loyalty and joy. Our little group constructed a banner of unusual design, though it outwardly looked like any other Jubilee banner. It was like an enormous handkerchief folded across the middle, and hung on a rope, and then the bottom half of each hanging side was folded back and up. In that position it displayed to the gaze innocuous sentiments. But at the twitch of a pulley the hooked up sides would be released, the innocuous slogan would vanish and instead everyone would see, in huge letters, the words "Twenty-five Years of Hunger and War."

The next problem was how to get it prominently slung. We selected the lower part of Fleet Street as the site and, hiring a small sober-looking van in which the huge banner lay furled, we called at a couple of offices facing one another there, and explained that, as officials of the Office of Works making an ultimate inspection of decorations along the morrow's royal route, we had noticed that at just this point there was an unsightly gap between the otherwise regularly spaced banners. Would they, we asked, permit that we use their windows for the purpose of slinging an auxiliary banner?

The occupants were proud and privileged to have us do so.

The banner was infernally heavy, and although for this occasion we had included in the party a couple of merchant seamen who understood ropes and could climb on window ledges like cats, there was the ever-present danger that the wrong string would somehow get pulled. This was the very eve of Jubilee, and already—at about 6 or 7 of that evening—people were squatting on the pavements in preparation for what the newspapers were terming their all-night vigil. Just as all seemed fairly well, the banner sagged, and a bus nearly hit it. What was our relief when a policeman, observing the difficulties of us fellows from the Office of Works, held up all two-decker traffic until such time as we had the main rope taut and the banner in line with the others.

So far, so good. But the final problem was how to release the banner at precisely the correct moment next morning—a moment, that it to say, when it would unfurl about ten yards ahead of the King's motor-car and thus in full range of the newsreel camera-men. Judging it too risky to hope to have a man lurking in one of the two offices to pull the string at the right time, we brought the vital string out of the window and round into the little court which at that point runs southward out of Fleet Street. Here the string was hooked, with a bent nail, high on the wall.

Next morning the group resolved itself into an organisation of tick-tack men, and at the proper moment the signal reached us and we pulled the string. Thereupon the banner opened. We knew it had because we heard the angry roar of the loyal crowds who, the moment the King and followers had passed, dashed into the roadway and tore it to pieces. (The horrified office-holders had already cut the main rope.) We had not waited to see this for fear that we should be torn to pieces too.

The intra-mural and internecine row between various branches of the Security Services was the more violent because nobody could tell anybody else whodunnit. It was bad enough that the subversive slogan appeared on the newsreel screens of half the world. Worse was the realisation that the folds of that banner could have held enough dynamite to blow the whole Jubilee procession to blazes.

CLAUD COCKBURN

The Treatment of Murderers

AFTER the debates on the 1948 Criminal Justice bill, the Archbishop of Canterbury said that although the law about capital punishment had itself emerged unaltered, it was not to be conceived that we should ever go back to quite the same position as before. On the face of things, it looked as if we did, in fact, go back a little further: Home Secretaries seemed to be stiffening up on reprieves, and the people who supported hanging were now doing it more vociferously and with rather better arguments than before. And yet the Archbishop was right: the 1948 failure was part of the long process of abolition. It marked a point, as if on a sloping beach, which sooner or later the surge and recession of events would inevitably leave high and dry. In the ensuing eight years the progress of the abolitionist cause has been quite remarkable; and we are now involved, as in 1948, in a period of executive suspension of the death penalty which, though quite as equivocal as it was then, seems likely to last much longer. It is in very similar ways that the death penalty has fallen into disuse in some other countries, without formal abolition or even an articulate public desire for it.

In 1948, the hangman's holiday lasted five months. This time it has so far lasted a year—the last execution was in mid-August, 1955—and our prisons are again receiving, as they did then, a proportion of murderers who would in the usual course of events have gone to prison only to be killed and buried.

Some of them will have been psychopaths, and what the Home Secretary is to do with these is, in essence, the problem discussed by Giles Playfair

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and Derrick Sington in their article "A Challenge to Abolitionists" in this journal on July 21. Their challenge was that abolitionists have been content with the purely nihilistic aim of getting rid of the hangman. In this country, they said, the campaign has been "essentially negative and largely unconcerned with other imperative questions of crime and punishment". This may be largely true of the intensive campaign that has so ably supported the Silverman bill, but the literature of criminology and medicine in this country has for many years given urgent attention to the treatment of the reprieved murderer. Almost unanimously it has deplored the fact that the kind of case in which psychiatric study and treatment would be of the most value, both for society and for the hope of rehabilitating the murderer himself, has been precisely the kind of case in which the royal mercy was withheld. We have been killing our sources of information.

But although there are some of us who have never tired of pointing this out, this is not the stuff of popular campaigning. The emotional attachment to hanging is always sufficient, at the recurring peaks of controversy, to shut out the voice of reason among the retentionists. They are deaf to any assurance that many murderers can be "treated" and safely restored to society. They don't want them treated and restored to society. . . . By comparison, the interesting experiments in the psychiatric classification and treatment of criminals in Sweden and Holland did not have to wait upon any careful campaign of popular propaganda.

Nor do you have to go to Sweden, America or Holland to find advanced methods of treating offenders—including murderers—by the psychiatric techniques known as group therapy and psychodrama and by other means. It is indeed a feature of the Swedish administration that a prisoner may have to wait as long as eight months in an ordinary prison *before he is sentenced*. Sweden and America have special laws to deal with the psychopathic offender, the "non-sane-non-insane" social misfit who bedevils every prison administration in the world; but in many respects these laws are bad, and in none so much as in their disregard for the rights of the individual.

In Illinois, for example, anyone charged with a criminal offence who is thought to be a psychopath may be taken before a jury in order that evidence of other offences may be given before trial. If the jury, having heard the evidence of two psychiatrists, decides that he is a psychopath, he is committed, without trial, to the Department of Public Safety (in practice, the psychiatric wing of a prison) "until fully and permanently recovered". When that is deemed to have taken place he comes back into court for trial, and if then found guilty he is sentenced for the original offence.

Other states have laws which provide that anyone, whether charged with an offence or not, may be deemed a sexual psychopath if he shows "repeated misconduct in sexual matters evincing lack of power to control his sexual impulses" and if, in the opinion of two psychiatrists, he is likely in the future to do physical or other injury to the object of his desire. If so found, he will be committed to a mental hospital for an indeterminate period; and, again, when he is deemed to have recovered, he is either returned to court to face the original criminal charge, or released. In Denmark, all criminal psychopaths are sentenced for an indefinite period, and some sex offenders are castrated; whilst in Sweden recidivist psychopaths who have served two previous sentences totalling four years are interned for five to 15 years, which are followed by an additional three to five years on parole.

Though some murderers are psychopaths, few psychopaths are murderers. The abolition of capital punishment in this country would do no more than bring into greater prominence the existing problem of the treatment of criminal psychopaths. The legislative "solutions" which other countries have adopted might be found to have small appeal here; but in any event, so soon as the East-Hubert Institution is completed (and this is unlikely to be more than two years distant) all psychopathic prisoners, including murderers, can at once be transferred to it. Since the alternative to capital punishment is "life" imprisonment, murderers, and murderers only, serve what amounts to an indeterminate sentence. Any other criminal psychopath would have the length of his sentence fixed by the court in the normal way, but instead of serving it in an ordinary prison, he could go at once to the East-Hubert Institution. This would not entail any difficulties about certification or the satisfaction of other legal criteria; and would not, therefore, in essentials resemble a transfer to Broadmoor.

The facilities planned for the East-Hubert Institution will be at least as good as those of comparable institutions in Europe or America. It is to be run by an experienced psychiatrist, and split up into small units of about fifteen beds, each under the charge of a doctor. It will be a model of its kind, with the most modern equipment, not only for empirical treatment but for a long-overdue research into the ætiology and experimental treatment of what is vaguely called "psychopathic personality".

Real prevention of this kind of abnormality—whether it leads to murder or not—is a problem of social medicine, but it is worth recalling that facilities for precautionary detention at an early age already exist in the much criticised Mental Deficiency Act, under which an offender may be detained indefinitely as a "moral defective" when there is "a condition of arrested or incomplete development of mind existing before the age of eighteen, coupled with strongly vicious or criminal propensities". Together with other enactments dealing with mentally ill or defective persons, these provisions have now been carefully examined by a Royal Commission on Mental Health, whose report is anxiously awaited. As in all such legislation, the difficulty will be how to defend the liberty of the individual while giving adequate protection to society. It cannot be said that this problem has so far been solved satisfactorily in any country, but in England there is today a growing *rapport* between medicine and the law that promises, at the least, far better results than the egregious M'Naghten Rules. Meanwhile, in any comparison of our penal system with that of other countries we may venture the claim that our unique probation system keeps more offenders out of prison than any other administration in the world; so that in the enthusiasm and indeed the impatience of our approach to new ways of treating this problem in institutions, we should neither forget nor minimise the work that is being done, and will always be done, outside them.

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Fleet Street Notebook

MY comments on the importance of editors last week seem to have roused quite a lot of emotion in Fleet Street. The number of letters I have had both from newspaper editors themselves and newspaper readers makes it unnecessary to offer any excuse for returning to the subject. Incidentally, Lord Burnham reminds me that the *Daily Telegraph*—a paper whose commercial and journalistic success has, whatever one may sometimes feel about its political opinions, set other newspaper managements aquiver with envy for many years—has had only six editors in 101 years of existence. Of these, two died in office, one had to give up his post because of blindness and two retired, one at the age of 70, the other at 86.

Unlike the first Lord Rothermere, who, at a time when the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Dispatch* were all alike sinking under his heavy hand, announced that he had decided "to do without editors," the proprietors of the *Telegraph* have, in fact, never failed to realise that whether one wants prestige or circulation there is no substitute for an editor. Hulton Press, incidentally, might do well to learn the same lesson. It has now brought its record for editor turnover for *Picture Post* to seven in six years.

Contrary to a good deal of popular belief, during recent years the commercialisation, industrialisation and popularisation of the press in this century has done nothing to impair the basic journalistic fact that newspapers are made by journalists. Business managers, circulation managers, advertising managers, publicity managers—their ranks have swollen out wondrously as the century has advanced, and who shall deny that they have their part to play? But it still remains as true as it was when Perry made the *Morning Chronicle* or Barnes *The Times*, that no amount of top brass in the commercial office can do away with the need for an editor. It has taken some newspaper manage-

ments an unconscionable time to learn this. Some of them, it would appear, have not even learnt it yet.

The character of a newspaper may be set in a certain mould by long tradition or by the personality of a strong individual proprietor, as Northcliffe made the *Mail* in his own image and Beaverbrook the *Express* in his. But even with such a newspaper it is the daily selection of news and features, the colour given to the reporting of events, the emphasis on this piece of news or that, the total flavour, in fact, of the daily dish set before the public that counts in making for popularity and influence. And these cannot help but reflect in very large degree the personality and judgment of the man who does the daily job of producing the paper—the editor. The proprietor may inspire the big political campaigns—after all, few readers care much about them. It is the editor who makes each daily issue what it is. And this is bound to be so, for by the nature of the case a newspaper is a report of events as seen through the eyes of men working daily at high speed and required by the character of their jobs to make immediate judgments.

The influence of a newspaper on its readers—and that influence may be not less but more in its totality in the case of a mass circulation newspaper than in that of one with a more sophisticated and informed public—does not merely derive from its declared opinions—indeed, such opinions matter least of all so far as the readers of much of the popular press are concerned. It derives from its selection of news, the weight of its headlines, the whole picture of the world it daily presents. These depend on the editor and his staff more than on anyone else.

In the next phase of popular journalism, moreover, the importance of the editor is, I think, bound to increase. The age of the strongly individual newspaper proprietor is almost over, Lord Beaverbrook may still continue to direct his newspapers by telephone or telepathy from whatever part of the world he may find himself in, but he is the last of a dying breed. High costs and large capitalisation have now made the characteristic pattern of modern newspaper ownership that of the large commercial corporation. This does not, of course, mean that effective managerial control will not continue to be vested in the hands of a very few people. But it makes it less likely that newspapers will be the personal instruments of powerful single owners: more likely that they will depend for such distinct personality as they can command on their editors. A generation or two ago the danger that faced popular journalism was that it would be twisted to serve the propaganda purposes of a few powerful individuals. Now the greater danger is that it will be pressed into a pattern that denies to it all purpose other than the purely commercial one of making the largest possible revenue for shareholders whose interest is almost purely financial.

It is up to journalists to prevent this from happening. If they are ready to do so they can, if only because good editors are likely to become not less but more indispensable. Business managers are fine fellows. But they cannot unaided make great or even popular newspapers. Nor can boards of directors, however important the commercial interests they represent. For that they have—as all experience shows—to depend on editors. It is up to editors to take advantage of this position to defend the freedom of the press. And this in modern terms means not only freedom from censorship or intimidation by the state but also—and perhaps even more, on freedom from exploitation or intimidation by those whose only interest in journalism is to bring in the largest number of paying customers by any means to hand. It is no use blaming the lowering of standards on other people. It is up to journalists to defend them. They have the power to do so if they care to use it. They may not own newspapers. But it is they who make them.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Polyglot in the Basement

No human hand has typed the words on the slip of paper which lies before me, and no human brain has strung them together. Yet they form a complete sentence that makes sense. It says exactly the same as the French words I had given the translating-machine to handle. I had typed the sentence "*C'est un example d'une traduction faite par la machine à calculer installée au laboratoire de calcul de Birkbeck College Londres*" on the keyboard of one of those "perforators", widely used in international telegraphy, which do not print letters but punch holes in a continuous strip of paper. This the translating-machine was given to chew upon, which it did with much rat-tat-tat and a great show of winking little lights on a control panel; it was all like a scene from a science-fiction film set sometime in the future. And on another typewriter, a teleprinter, there appeared, in neat block letters, the words:

THIS IS AN EXAMPLE OF A TRANSLATION MADE BY THE MACHINE FOR CALCULATION INSTALLED AT THE LABORATORY OF COMPUTATION OF BIRKBECK COLLEGE LONDON.

This is the sort of object one wants to show one's grandchildren in years to come.

To the layman, the translating-machine itself, the "electronic brain" which seems to come so amazingly close to actual thinking, is merely a valve-studded panel with criss-crossing wires and with a great many condensers, relays, and similar gadgets. There is, at eye-level, a kind of electric snout for gobbling up the paper strip with the punch holes. Near the floor there is a thick metal cylinder coated with a film of red iron oxide—like rust. This, I was told, is the "memory" of the machine, its most vital part.

I discovered the translating-machine in a basement in Bloomsbury. Here is the Electronic Computer Section of Birkbeck College. Its head is Dr. Andrew Donald Booth, a young scientist who made machine translation his special field of study shortly after the war and is now its leading expert, although other scientists in perhaps half a dozen other laboratories—from Cambridge, England, to Cambridge, Massachusetts—are also trying to tackle it. Dr. Booth is not a linguist; he is a mathematician, and he sees the construction of an efficient translating-machine as a fascinating mathematical problem; but he has linguists among his assistants.

The layman, however, feels overawed by the formidable difficulties of the task Dr. Booth has set himself, and if I had not seen the miracle happening before my eyes I should not have believed it. What about grammar and syntax and idioms? What about different meanings of the same word in different contexts? I mentioned the French word *noyau* to Dr. Booth. Could it not mean kernel, centre, nucleus, germ or nut respectively? Of course it could mean any of these, said Dr. Booth; but you can tell the machine which of these meanings would most likely occur in the context of what it happened to be translating. You can condition the machine to "think" in the terms of a certain subject—politics or engineering, archæology or nuclear physics as the case may be:

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the machine can be made selective to reject all but the correct meaning.

There is, of course, one thing one must remember when dealing with the translating-machine or any other electronic computer—it won't do what you haven't prepared it to do; it cannot think any thoughts which you have not stored in it. The machine in the Bloomsbury basement could, theoretically, translate anything from and into any language. But for the purposes of experimental research it has been fed with a French-English memory of only 250 words. If there were room—and money—enough it could be made to command a vocabulary of 2,500 or 25,000 words; there is no limit.

Even within its limited scope this machine can do surprising things. It has already been used to translate into English from the German, and one of these days the scientists will try to make it translate a piece of Plato (the Greek characters will be reproduced in Latin typescript for the purpose). In order to condition the machine to handle a certain subject, Dr. Booth and his assistants will make excerpts of the most frequent terms from a journal dealing with that subject and store them in the memory of their machine.

This storing is done by typing out the words and word groups in both languages on the perforator, and feeding the punched paper strip into the "snout" of the machine, turning the hole patterns into electro-magnetic impulses. These impulses are fixed on the metal coating in the memory cylinder—just as the impulses coming from a microphone are fixed on the magnetic tape of a tape recorder. The memory unit is, in fact, a bilingual dictionary, containing the words of the "source" language and their equivalents in the "output" language in the form of an invisible magnetic script.

The text to be translated is also transcribed first on punched paper and fed into the memory, where it is kept for the time being. Meanwhile, the "accumulator"—the panel with the array of valves—has begun to work. Like the cells of any other electronic computer those of the translating-machine can react only in two ways, either by letting the current pass through them, or by shutting themselves off from it. Thus, the accumulator, given a French word to translate, shuts off all its cells except one; and this one fishes, as it were, out of the memory the corresponding English word for which it is responsible.

But one cannot translate word for word from one language into another. Therefore, the accumulator is given the task of seeing to the correct sequence of words within a sentence, to grammar and endings and the like. It analyses the word before it is translated. Very often the original order of words must be altered; the accumulator has to hold back a word to see what follows and to rearrange its position in the sentence. It has to distinguish between stem and ending, singular and plural, between past and present and future. When the accumulator has fished the "output" word from the depths of the memory it is sent, letter by letter, to the teleprinter in the form of electric impulses. But if the translating machine comes across a word it cannot translate it will type it out in the original form. There are two such words on my slip of paper: "Birkbeck" and "College."

The translating-machine is just one member of the ever-growing family of electronic computers. Some are employed as assistants to nuclear physicists, others are doing insurance or aerodynamic work. Translating computers, too, will find their special place. They will never be able to render Shakespeare or Thomas Mann satisfactorily; but they could be most useful in, say, a newspaper or news agency office—they could even pick up the news items automatically as they come in by radio or cable, and translate them for the editor. Speeches at international meetings could be typed out in other languages without the help of interpreters, and one day in a distant future the translating-machine might even work without hole-punching and teleprinting—by turning the spoken word of one language directly into the spoken word of another. The first steps towards this goal have already been made in American laboratories: simple spoken words have been translated into typescript.

At present Dr. Booth's machine is not yet an economical proposition; it is still too large and cumbersome for everyday use. But when the valves can be replaced by transistors—minute amplifiers, no bigger than matchsticks—the translating-machine would fit into a shoe box. Already now the punched paper strip with the vocabulary and grammatical instructions of any language can be accommodated in a pillbox.

Dr. Booth intends to test his machine soon by asking some French colleagues to "tie it up in knots" by giving it complicated tasks to do. "It may have a nervous breakdown," he says. "It may decide to strike even before the test begins. Computers are notoriously sensitive to visitors. You are lucky; it doesn't mind being interviewed by you."

I asked Dr. Booth what he does when the machine refuses to work. "We bang it with a hammer," he said. "Seriously, we do. It's the best way of making or breaking a loose joint, you know."

We have still a great deal to learn about the handling of electronic computers.

EGON LARSEN

"Winter is y-cumen in . . .

Loude sing goddam," as the parody runs. We make no apology for raising the subject so soon, for the music lover welcomes the long evenings when there is little to distract him from his favourite relaxation. We are already getting orders, and we ought to mention that deliveries from manufacturers are quite small (even to us!) So, if you want High Fidelity music reproduction during the dark evenings, you would do well to order now, so that you won't need to "sing goddam," or even "cuckoo."

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The Arts and Entertainment

All English

THIS year the organisers of the Proms have concentrated on introducing us to the recent work of English composers—pieces that have been performed once or twice, but have not yet found an assured place in the repertoire. There were only two actual "novelties" at the Proms in the last fortnight but apart from these we were given Phyllis Tate's Saxophone Concerto, Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony—unfortunately, I couldn't get to either—and Sir Arthur Bliss's *Meditations on a Theme by John Blow*. This work produced a considerable diversity of critical opinion on its first appearance last year, and curiosity urged me to undertake the not strictly necessary trek to Kensington to hear it for myself. A good deal of luscious sound welled from the orchestra, as well as one or two effects that were misconceived, but neither form nor emotional content seemed to have any real cohesion. As the composer has seen fit to associate the work with verses from the Twenty-third Psalm, perhaps we might for Meditations read Wool-gathering.

Racine Fricker's Concertante for Three Pianos, Strings and Percussion sets out to do much less than Bliss's Meditations and achieves much more. The work was commissioned for the Hovingham Festival in 1951 as a companion piece to the Bach three-piano concertos, and in the composer's words was intended to be "mostly unserious and occasionally lighthearted and even boisterous". It is in fact quite a jolly work in its rather grim way; Fricker's native seriousness as a composer keeps it far removed from triviality. The formal design is original—four continuous movements, with the weight on the second and fourth; in this performance the second seemed to plod rather too much with the result that we had to wait until the last for the promised boisterousness. A thoroughly sound, respectable piece,—but human weakness being what it is one could have wished for some of that preoccupation with the purely sensuous qualities of sound that makes Bartok's works for similar combinations of instruments so fascinating. The Liverpool Philharmonic strings had difficulty in playing Fricker's highly chromatic melodies in tune, but they are probably not used to performing with the inadequate amount of rehearsal that our metropolitan orchestras get.

The only other new work was a suite by John Addison from his ballet *Carte Blanche*, conducted by the composer with great energy. Most of it is really too slight to stand up to concert performance; in place of charm the quicker movements have a rather desiccated chic, but the languishing bitter-sweet Romanza just before the end suggested that the natural place for this composer's heart may be his sleeve.

All this attention to recent English music is splendid, as far as it goes, but it leaves untouched the real crux of the audience's lack of interest in contemporary music. No one—composer, performer, critic or member of the public—can have any real appreciation of the contemporary scene if he ignores the quarter of a century from 1910 to 1935; yet the established figures of that period—Stravinsky, Bartok, Hindemith, Schönberg and his pupils—are all either un- or under-represented this year. Can room possibly be made for them? Let us grant that the organisers can't afford to drop too many of the popular oddments that act as bait to the unwary prom-goer. In that case I would suggest that all music before Mozart should be dropped, if we must make a choice—not because Bach and Handel are in any sense irrelevant to our musical experience, but on the practical grounds that they cannot be properly or appropriately performed in the vast spaces of the Albert Hall. This would not provide very much additional playing time, but if it were sensibly used it could make a very worth-while difference to the literacy of London audiences in general.

And in the long run the most "useful and acceptable gift" to younger English composers would be not preferential treatment but an audience who had some acquaintance with the twentieth-century classics.

JEREMY NOBLE

All the Conspirators

"I EMBRACE Thee, ye millions!"—and, indeed, how Goethe would have revelled in this exhibition! If he and Eckermann could have visited the Festival Hall last Thursday, what rhapsodies—restrained and Weimarish but rhapsodies none the less—the latter would have had to transcribe in his journal when they got home. As it is, the terrestrial flow is steady and continuous and includes a gratifyingly large amount of dog-collars. "The Family of Man" may or may not be "the greatest photographic exhibition of all time," but it is certainly the finest photographic comment on our species. The Christians have Michelangelo's Last Judgment and now the humanists have Humanity, as assembled by Mr. Edward Steichen for the Museum of Modern Art—some 500 magnificent photographs from 68 countries, chronicling the seven ages of man from Baffin Bay to the Congo Basin. Here we are, all 2,500 million of us, worshipping, weeping, making love, growing old, dating and dying, jeering and jitterbugging, sweating in school and factory, rich man, poor man, tinker, tailor—the still sad music caught in the click of a camera shutter, a strange daedal dance of humanity, epitomised by the Pueblo flute-player whose pied piperish face grins at us enigmatically at every turn and corner of the exhibition.

What is Mr. Steichen's message? "All men are created equal"; "No man is an island entire of himself"; "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision"; "We must love one another or die"? Judging by the Bomb that ends the whole affair, Auden's discarded line appears to be the text that the sponsors are bent on hammering home. If only Timbuctoo can learn to love Old Trafford, the lion will lie down with the lamb, our bombs can be beaten into atomic ploughshares and Walt Whitman's "new city of friends" be turned from a phrase into reality. Such a jejune *motif* does poor justice to the riches of this collection, even when eked out by the trite international maxims that stud the walls—"The world of man dances in laughter and tears" (Kabir); "Clasp the hands and know the thoughts of men in other lands" (Masefield); "Eat bread and salt and speak the truth" (Russian Proverb); "The Land is a mother that never dies" (Maori).

So we forget the copybook headings and remember the pictures—gregarious, pathetic, triumphant in laughter (and now we can see why the philosopher called it "sudden glory"), put down by poverty and misgiving, alerted by fear and danger, full of that "pain and weariness, yet hope of better things that is the experience of all her children in every time." The Persian shepherd, the Indonesian paddy-field, the straining Gold Coast canoers; the cloaked mourners watching on the threshold of Kashmir; the old gossips at the corner of the Rue du Petit Musc; the be-hatted small boys reading the Law in a Czech synagogue; the Bechuanaland hunter about to spear an oryx, his young son crouched ecstatically beside him; the Warsaw ghetto, the lines of refugees, the frightened children of every sort and age—all this is unforgettable.

Looking at that terrible glimpse of high noon on Fifth Avenue at West 47th—each human being wedged against his neighbour in lock-jawed isolation—one remembers how Hobbes figured the human condition as a race in which "to endeavour is appetite,"

> to be remiss is sensuality: to consider them behind is glory: to consider them before is humility: . . . to fall on a sudden is disposition to weep: to see another fall is disposition to laugh: to see one outgone whom we would not, is pity: to see one outgo whom we would not, is indignation: to hold fast by another is love: to carry him on that so holdeth is charity: to hurt oneself for haste is shame: . . . continually to be outgone is misery: continually to outgo the next before is felicity: and to forsake the course is to die.

Photography, which lends itself to a mechanistic theory of the passions, seems to bear Hobbes out. Yet, when that is said, what strikes one most about this amazing cross-section of men and women, is its unity—a unity of fear. For this, surely, is the essence of humanism, that we are all part of a noble, vain conspiracy, a vast defensive and mutually suspicious alliance against the mysteries of Nature, Pascal's endless, unfathomable worlds.

> Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day . . .

It is Bertrand Russell, not Kabir or the Poet Laureate, who has the last word here.

JOHN RAYMOND

Iron-Ration Fun

AUGUST for oddities. Last week's hysterical romp with the unfrocked is followed by a British film making fun of the Russians and co-starring for the first time Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope. I'm not sure that, in a close finish, *The Iron Petticoat* wouldn't win. It is very odd indeed. There's no harm, so far as I can see, in making fun about Russians or anything else. But you must study your timing. Good jokes about Russia change from hour to hour; they can be slipped into a night-club song, but not so easily into a film which takes months to dawdle its way into public notice. If *The Iron Petticoat* had managed to catch the circuits the week before, in our way, we welcomed B. and K. . . . but it would still have been pretty rotten.

She is quite out-of-date, this defiant woman-pilot who has flown off, not to freedom, but in some tantrum or other. Her entry belongs to Shaw comedy of the early Twenties. Then she gets going, dancing in a uniform with medals. She knocks back tumblerfuls of whisky as though they were thimbles of vodka. She pounces on a Left bookshop and sits up reading *The Hundred Lies of Capitalism*. She shrieks patriotic or ideological songs through the night. Then, under the influence of Mr. Bob Hope—rather improbably the pilot who forced her down and is now detailed to convert her—she begins to take an interest in frilly black underthings.

She, I may say, is Miss Katharine Hepburn: some compensation for the stale antics we have been witnessing. As—following the black undies—she grows more Western, she becomes more Hepburn; in fact, her charm manages to assert itself under difficulties. So to some extent, being lesser-powered, does Mr. Hope's. Bearded spies lurk behind pillars, a Russian night club in London is an ante-room from which drugged adversaries can be swept to the Embassy, a visiting American senator produces one joke about the Election, and there is another joke about McCarthy (who's he, now?); through it all Hepburn and Hope battle on. They are comrades in a fix rather than a smash-hit, and our gratitude to them is mingled with pity.

Of course the real trouble is that the British producer who got this idea and these stars, with Ben Hecht as script-writer, was merely hoping to cash in with another *Ninotchka*: it is nineteen years since that Lubitsch-Garbo surprise hit us, and still does. *Ninotchka* happened to reappear at the Palace only a few days ago; so that Londoners at any rate will have had the chance of seeing what this kind of fun should really be.

The Indian film coming to the Paris-Pullman is, alas, not that *Pather Panchali* which so excited

EDINBURGH

Most of the works being played at this year's Edinburgh Festival have been finely recorded by Decca. A number of Decca-group artists are also appearing. In some cases such as these listed here, these artists are performing works which they have actually recorded.

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the critics at Cannes, but—time-lapse again—a much inferior piece naively mingling a De Sican influence with native unrealisms. Nevertheless, *Two Acres of Land* is the best Indian film that has yet been shown publicly in London. A peasant and his small son go to Calcutta for the 250 rupees that will save their land from being built over. They drift there, the one into rickshaw-pulling, the other into shoe-shining, and the long arm of coincidence brings tragedy: yet at the end the whole family is alive to watch the bulldozers at work on their plot. The film isn't quite skilful or serious enough for its theme. It tries, however, in its way, and I liked the glimpses of Calcutta, back-streets, women battling at the pump, bullocks against cars and trams, scribbles on the wall, the English war memorial in the square. The boys who shine shoes, and the little pickpocket, are engaging.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Transatlantic Exchange

HIGH summer, if only by the calendar, is obviously not the best time of the year to come back, however temporarily, to looking at television and listening to radio after a year's absence. In a season lush with repeats and revivals, one looks for the ambitious in vain. Yet, at a first glance and at a first hearing, it all seems very much as it was. Natural history continues to boom, archæology is not exactly bearish, and one's faith in the eternal verities has not been shaken by any spectacular improvement in BBC television variety, though BBC television news seems at any rate a bit better, a bit more like television, than it was twelve months ago. I admit I have not yet got abreast of the programmes of the ITA, though I get the impression that many of them I spent considerable time dodging the sight of in the United States, which sends us telerecordings not of its best but of its most popular programmes.

No doubt in the course of time this will change. When the BBC's second TV programme comes into existence it will, if it wants to—and one very much hopes it will want to—find a wealth of good American material to draw upon. I am thinking particularly of programmes like the excellent *Omnibus* series put out on Sunday afternoons by the Ford Foundation and very engagingly introduced by Mr. Alistair Cooke. They are serious and intelligent, and some have been memorable, the programmes on the history of the American constitution, for instance, on the vice-presidency and on Harvard University. At its best, American television, it seems to me, has a range and comprehensiveness beyond anything we know on this side, just as it is infinitely richer in technical resources. And part of its strength, I fancy, comes from the much greater part it plays in the national life. Here, TV is still very much an alternative form of communication: in America, outside New York and the great eastern cities, it has already probably become the most important form. There are many reasons for this, some springing out of the conditions of American life; but one that is surely vital is its very vastness of output. The talent it consumes may be enormous. At the same time, it draws on an altogether greater proportion of the talent available than does British television. It must put out ten new "live" plays each week, a fact that has just led Mr. Gore Vidal, who has himself recently become a television dramatist, to suggest that, "from such an awful abundance, a dramatic renaissance *must* come".

What contribution, if any, does Britain make to this vast American output of television programmes? More than one might expect, and mainly from a source that the English themselves may find rather surprising. There are, of course, the several series of half-hour films specially produced in this country for the American TV market: I have heard since coming home, though I must confess I saw little sign of it in the United States, that Robin Hood, the subject of one of these series, is displacing Davy Crockett as the hero of the American small boy. But these films are from their very nature modest affairs. The big British contribution to American TV appears to be the British film proper. It may be Olivier's *Richard III*—and how, when I at last caught up with it in an English cinema, I missed the commercials for Cadillacs that spangled the American TV presentation! It may be a trifle one has long forgotten if indeed one had ever heard of it in the first place. But the point is, British films are popular and a new discovery. It is disconcerting for the visiting Englishman to realise suddenly that many Americans find in our films, in Ealing comedies particularly, qualities of freshness and unconventionality and talk of them with the enthusiasm we reserved for Italian films seven or eight years ago. When I left America there was one afternoon programme devoted to British films and a late Sunday evening programme in which British films often appeared.

The audience for these films is a minority one, but it is pretty influential. I would guess it's much the same audience as the American audience for the Third Programme. But do Americans hear the Third Programme? A minority certainly does, or at any rate a considerable part of it. There is much more non-commercial broadcasting in America than we normally think. The big universities, of which there are so many, tend to maintain their own broadcasting systems, and reception of their programmes is by no means confined to small areas. They lean pretty heavily on the BBC, and the Third Programme in particular, for much of their material. In Iowa, I heard the Third's version of *The Spanish Tragedy* broadcast from the state university station. In Indiana, I found that the Purdue University station had recently been transmitting Mr. Coghill's *Canterbury Tales*. For any big Third Programme production of an Elizabethan or Restoration play, it seems pretty certain the audience is going to be very much larger than that made up of home listeners alone, and to many listeners in the United States these programmes are probably even more of a godsend than they are to us.

From time to time, one hears rumours of high-level discussions at Broadcasting House on the future of sound broadcasting. Obviously there must fairly soon be a reduction in its total output of programmes. When the decision is made, one hopes that the Third's services to the culture not of the English alone but of the whole English-speaking world will not be forgotten.

WILLIAM SALTER

(Mr. Driberg is on holiday for a few weeks.)

"A Man Called Judas", at the Devon Festival

Last year, the Tawe and Torridge Festival gave us Brecht's *Mother Courage*; this year, having changed its name to the Devon Festival, it has presented Mr. Ronald Duncan's adaptation of *A Man Named Judas*, by the French dramatists Claude-André Puget and Pierre Bost. They conceive of Judas's betrayal of Jesus not as simple treachery but as an act of faith, made in order to force Him into a position in which He must transcend the merely human, in which Judas believes He has become enmeshed, and manifest Himself as God. The thesis is an interesting one and the argument is well sustained. But it is not sustained dramatically. The exception is the second act, which is admirable: a moving representation of the disciples' disheartened bewilderment after the Last Supper and of the growing resolution of Judas, the imaginative man among them, to save the situation and his master by the act of betrayal. After that, the trouble with the play is inadequacy of language. Against this, Mr. Edgar Wreford, as Judas, struggled bravely though in vain. It may be that to present a scriptural theme in modern dress raises as many problems as it solves. But *A Man Named Judas* was worth putting on and worth seeing; and it was imaginatively produced by Mr. Frank Dunlop. Mr. Raymond Boyce's sets were a pleasure to look at; and the acting, by the West of England Festival Company, whose members are drawn from past and present members of the West of England Theatre Company, the one permanent repertory company in Devon, was of a high order.

W. A.

Correspondence

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY

SIR,—I was pleased to note that you described the recent memorandum of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions on the motor vehicle industry as "a useful analysis of its difficulties." Later, however, you go on to state that the remedy proposed by the unions does not measure up to their initial strictures.

May I, as a trade unionist in the engineering industry, point out that the C.S.E.U. memorandum does not claim to set out in so many neat conclusions the remedies for the problems of the industry? This was not its purpose. As Mr. Gavin Martin, the general secretary of the Confederation, explains in a foreword, the memorandum was prepared in support of a request of the C.S.E.U., addressed to the President of the Board of Trade, that an inquiry should be made into the industry. This request was turned down by the President of the Board of Trade. The publication of the memorandum which, it should be noted, was prepared in the early part of the year, shows first that the unions were alive to the situation which has since developed, and secondly that the government was ill-advised not to accept the suggestion of the unions.

As for your own observations on the problems of the motor car industry, I think you have too readily accepted the contention that by means of physical controls it should have been possible to sell in foreign markets cars which were being sold at home. Such a criticism may be politically attractive, but I question whether it is valid. The C.S.E.U. memorandum surely provides the answer.

> In the motor car industry it is impossible to separate the problem of costs and prices from the volume of production. . . . Unit costs of production can very often be kept down or even reduced, despite higher wages and raw material charges, if the volume of production is increased. For this reason a large home market is of considerable advantage to any country which is seeking to expand its exports. Conversely, it is usually a false line of reasoning to urge that the home market should be cut in an endeavour to force car manufacturers to sell abroad. As soon as the home market is cut, unit costs are likely to rise, and unless there is an immediate and corresponding increase in exports, an increase in price is likely to follow. The net effect of such a policy is more likely to be a reduction than an expansion of exports.

In conclusion, it needs to be emphasised that the documents on the Confederation's *Plan for Engineering*, published as long ago as 1951 and again in 1953, devoted considerable attention to the long-term problems of the motor car industry and urged the establishment of a Development Council to deal with precisely the kind of problems which have now overtaken the industry. These problems were foreseen in the *Plan for Engineering*. If the wider Labour movement had been more sympathetic to the *Plan for Engineering* when it was first advocated by the engineering unions it would now be in a stronger position to criticise the government for its handling of the motor car industry.

J. E. MORTIMER

23 Montrose Avenue,
Twickenham.

DEAD AND DUMB SCIENCES

SIR,—Mr. Strachey, in the letter published on August 4, is not flogging a dead horse in his attack on contemporary economics; he is waving a rather small whip over a place where a very live horse was last seen by him some time ago. No competent economist dreams of neglecting "the decisive influence of the political institutions which men have thus set up" (to quote Mr. Strachey). But to say that such influences "defy all attempts at expansion in quantitative terms" (again quoting) is to deny that they are capable of scientific analysis. The great virtue of Marx as an economist was that, dealing with the political institutions of his day and handicapped by the inadequate technique of analysis which he inherited, he strove to quantify the forces at work in this world which emanated from economic life. Economic changes modify political institutions, and con-

sequently the problem is always being reset; the reason why the positive contribution of the economists at the moment is so slight is that the main economic forces in the contemporary world are so difficult to quantify, and so hard to handle with the tools which this generation has learned to use.

Mrs. Robinson has made a great contribution, the second within her lifetime. In essence, the problem is this. The existing technique of economic analysis gives us little guidance as to the outcome when two monopolists bargain together, or when a monopolist confronts a monopsonist. The most important fact of the contemporary world is the existence of great monopoly power on the part of industries and trade unions. Both are used with discretion; the whole of the discussion surrounding the Restrictive Practices Act, and the pained surprise of parliament and the press when a union employs its power are evidence of this. Unions, as monopolists, claim wage increases; monopolistic industries either use their power as monopolistic buyers of labour to check wage increases and as monopolists to pass them on to the consumer. The state as single buyer of the many services which it provides, or as single supplier, via the central bank, of purchasing power in general, enters the field to check inflation when the monopoly elements are in the ascendant. The price structure at any time as a by-product of this conflict, and so far we have not been able adequately to quantify the forces which influence it. The system of economic thought is stronger than its theory of values; it was the weakness of the Marxist system. But the problem is, and remains, one of effective quantification. Blame contemporary economists for not succeeding if you like, but, particularly if you think economics is the key to social change, don't blame them for trying.

H. SMITH

Ruskin College,
Oxford.

THE PRICE OF ABOLITION

SIR,—May I submit this reply to some of the questions in Mr. C. R. Hewitt's letter?

Chapter 7 of *A Life for a Life?* disposes of Sir Alexander Paterson's objections to imprisonment for as long as ten or twenty years; but in the case of a psychopathic murderer it might be a matter of forty or fifty years. Admittedly the prison amenities would be very different from what they were twenty-five years ago but, on the other hand, the conditions of maximum security would have to be extremely hard. And Sir Ernest Gowers does not even mention the possibility that if a man like Heath is told that he can be cured and released hope deferred will almost certainly kill him by breaking his heart: if he is told that there is no hope of his ever being released are we really expected to believe that "something more precious than the life of the physical body" can be saved by "the introduction of books and wireless, greater facilities for letters and visits" or even contact with unofficial prison visitors? That was the view of the Home Office and Sir Ernest Gowers quotes it with approval.

Mr. Gerald Gardiner, in his book, refers to new institutions where aggressive psychopaths can be kept with safety in conditions in which they would not deteriorate and he adds: "Such institutions already exist in several countries. . . ." But he does not tell us where they are, or how many there are, or anything at all about the vitally important safety precautions.

There can be no doubt at all that both these books give non-medical readers the impression that foreign psychiatrists have solved the problem of how to combine freedom for the sex-murderers with safety for the women and children, and that all that is required in this country is to build the necessary institutions. But neither of these authors tells us anything at all about *how* the problem is solved. Perhaps they believe that men like Heath can be permanently cured by specially gifted psychiatrists (just as some people believe that psychopaths can always be cured by specially gifted ministers of religion) but that is not the opinion of Mr. Hugh Klare. In a letter in THE NEW STATESMAN (20.8.55) he wrote: "Treatment is difficult, but cure, or at any rate partial adjustment, is achieved in about 50 per cent. of cases. Sometimes it is necessary to keep very dangerous men for a very long time, or indeed for life." Mr. Klare was writing on behalf of the Howard League and the difference between cure and partial adjustment in these cases is indisputably a matter of life and death. That being so, I submit with the greatest respect, that Sir Ernest Gowers and Mr. Gerald Gardiner ought to have been very careful *not* to give the impression that the problem had been solved and that there was therefore no risk of substituting a slow death in prison for a quick death on the scaffold.

But I hasten to add that that was not at all what I meant when I referred to crude, and in some cases unscrupulous, propaganda against hanging. What I had in mind was the lamentable descent from high standards by most abolitionist journals.

Wetherby, Yorkshire. R. L. KITCHING

SIR,—The announcement that work at the East Hubert Psychiatric Clinic is to be deferred is a matter for regret. As far as ordinary prisons such as Wandsworth are concerned, psychiatric treatment seems to be no more than a pretence.

I was at Wandsworth for seven months and several incidents occurred there which should have resulted in an investigation of the state of mind of the prisoner involved in each case. But nothing of the kind was done and the only treatment given was first aid, bread and water or solitary confinement. The following are three examples of the sort of thing that is rife at Wandsworth:—

(Case A). A man with several convictions for assault and causing grievous bodily harm was charged with knifing a fellow prisoner after a dispute as to who had priority in entering the lavatory. This prisoner had already been "cased" a dozen times for infractions of prison rules. On the knifing charge he was adjudicated guilty by the visiting magistrates and lost six months' remission of sentence. He was then transferred to Pentonville and was last week sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for assaulting a Prison Officer there and threatening him with a knife. This man was rejected for National Service because of mental deficiency, was a tubercular and was involved in a railway accident in his youth when he sustained severe head injuries.

(Case B). A man serving seven years' imprisonment for shooting at a policeman. "Cased" several times for breaches of prison discipline, slashed his own face several times with a knife. After a few more "casings" he assaulted a prison officer during a concert in the chapel, and was awarded bread and water, solitary confinement, and loss of remission.

(Case C). A young Irishman serving three years for robbery with violence, "cased" twice in ten days, slashed his own face with a razor blade, and told me that "he went round the bend" because of the petty nature of the "casings."

S.

LENIN'S TESTAMENT

SIR,—"Marxist" calls it sheer misrepresentation to describe as "decisive political criticism" the passage in Lenin's letter of December, 1922, about the "October episode" of Zinoviev and Kamenev being "not accidental," but that it should as little be made an accusation against them "personally" as his "non-Bolshevism" against Trotsky. "Marxist" evidently has not asked himself why Lenin had recalled these events, when writing about what might split the leadership.

What was the October episode? On October 31, 1917, in an anti-Bolshevik paper, Zinoviev and Kamenev revealed the secret Bolshevik decision to make an insurrection; and after November 7 openly sabotaged their party's efforts to stabilise Soviet power. Lenin denounced this as "strike-breaking" and "treachery"—and its authors as "characterless intellectuals," who "reflect the views of the tired (not the revolutionary) part of the population," who "allow the *bourgeoisie* to terrorise them" and "yielded to the outcries of its auxiliaries," the Mensheviks, "puppets in practice of the Kornilovites" (the landowners and capitalists).

Thus the October episode showed that Zinoviev and Kamenev, without "personally" intending it, were peculiarly liable at a critical moment to reflect

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within the working class the pressure of hostile classes.

What was Trotsky's non-Bolshevism? For fourteen years, off and on, he had vilified the Bolsheviks, striven to disrupt their organisation, made common cause with the Mensheviks. Lenin had repeatedly denounced him as representing nothing but himself personally, but always finding allies among those who "embody *bourgeois* influence on the proletariat" (May, 1910), joining those "ideological and political currents" which developed from "counter-revolutionary influences on the labour movement" (February, 1911), reiterating ideas which reflected "the policy and ideology of a definite class, the liberal bourgeoisie" (May, 1914). The warning had been repeated even in January, 1921.

Thus Trotsky's non-Bolshevism made him peculiarly accessible to *bourgeois* influences on the working class—without "personally" intending it.

Lenin was recalling the weakness of all three under pressure from the *bourgeoisie*. This was political criticism. Stalin had fought nearly twenty years to build the party; but rudeness made him unsuitable as general secretary. This was *personal* criticism.

ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

WITNESSES IN LIMERICK

SIR,—So Mr. D. P. Maguire considers that the denial of religious liberty in Ireland is justified because the Irish had such a hard struggle for freedom of religion! Such strange logic is not indicated by an attempt to bolster it up with a misapplied *argumentum ad hominem*. The analogy between this case and the treatment of Fascists by B.M.C. strikers is, in fact, peculiarly inept. The Fascists, unlike the Witnessess who seek merely to propagate their own beliefs, are out to suppress the liberties of others. They can hardly be surprised if occasionally their opponents come to share their disbelief in liberty. But in any case, it is not so much the action of a group of ignorant thugs that occasions misgiving, as the action of the Court, and in particular the grounds of its decision. All nations have thugs, but not all nations have judges who commend them.

It is hardly to the point that the Witnesses condemn their opponents in strong language. If you examine its official writings, you will find no Christian church that does not. If such provocation justified physical assault, all Christian nations would be in a state of civil war. But I would mention that, in this country at any rate, the Witnesses do try to avoid gratuitous offence to other persuasions.

Here in Dublin, none has shown more indignation at the incident, or with better cause, than liberal-minded Catholics. A Christianity whose zeal runs to assaulting the defenceless is not the religion of Christ, and it is the slanderers of Catholicism, not its defenders, who have cause to rejoice.

Dun Laoghaire, Ireland. ESMOND A. DAVIES

EDWARD THOMAS

SIR,—I would not break the unwritten law of "no complaining" if it were not a fact that Mr. James Reeves (in your issue of August 11) virtually advocated the non-reading of my book, *Edward Thomas*, on the ground that there was nothing in it for intelligent readers. As Mr. Reeves gave absolutely no evidence of having read the bulk of the book, his advice was, to say the least of it, ill-founded. Admittedly he dealt with what everyone knows is most important in Thomas, namely the poetry, but here, in attempting to prove me either erroneous or disablingly inadequate, it appears to me that he conceded my points: the first of these concerned the non-recognition of Thomas. Recognition of the *uniqueness* of the achievement is not proved by giving the number of impressions a volume goes through. Mr. Reeves, by invoking W. H. Davies as a similar case to Thomas, and then Housman as an authoritative critic, goes some way towards showing that he himself does not recognise the nature of Thomas's achievement. The distance is completed when, in his account of the poem *Tears*, he uses a group of general terms which could be applied with equal fittingness to about a hundred of Thomas's poems. To me, having read Mr. Reeves, it is clearer than ever that Thomas still needs the "painstaking analysis" which, in an endeavour to demonstrate his uniqueness, I have given to some of the poems. For myself, I do not mind taking pains with my reading and my writing.

Mr. Reeves is kind enough to call me a "sensitive and percipient reader." He completely ignores the fact that a deal of material, not always easy to obtain, has been assembled, written down, and discussed, material which many admirers of Thomas will, I must think, be glad to have. It is discouraging to think that Mr. Reeves is not interested in Thomas to the extent of giving at least a passing glance at the nature prose, the literary criticism, the autobiographical fragments.

H. COOMBES

Daisy Bank Road,
Cheltenham.

[James Reeves writes: "I found nothing in Mr. Coombes's book to suggest that I was wrong in using my limited space to discuss the poetry. Eight impressions in thirty years does not seem to me to spell neglect for a 'fine minor poet,' even if no one has hitherto found the poetry sufficiently obscure to require detailed exegesis of the kind undertaken by Mr. Coombes. It is not a question of being (erroneous or disablingly inadequate, it is a question of being dull and laborious where labour is out-of-place because the poems speak for themselves."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GOVERNMENT BY DILETTANTES

SIR,—One of Thomas Balogh's proposals for increased efficiency of the civil service is the recruitment for each minister of a private staff from outside.

I am afraid that Thomas Balogh has too much confidence in this device. French and Belgian experiences in ministerial cabinets are not too successful. Though made up by often bright young experts, the very existence of an irresponsible screen between the politically answerable minister and the administrative responsible permanent head creates personality adjustment problems, delays the solution of many problems, endangers the authority of the permanent head over his staff and too frequently gives a political bias to what should be purely administrative decisions.

Anyway, private staffs for ministers cannot be substitutes for good administration. Furthermore, their disadvantages seem greater than their positive contribution to more efficient government.

144 Boulevard Brand Witlock, Bruxelles. J. A. HORN

KEIR HARDIE AND G.B.S.

SIR,—With the centenaries of G.B.S. and Keir Hardie falling so close together your readers may be interested in a note on Hardie written by Shaw in 1943. I was writing a film script on a political story at the time, and I wrote to Shaw to ask him if it was true that he had advised the first Labour members *not* to behave like gentlemen, as the House was a gentleman's club and they would be lost if they conformed to the rules. (This request was perhaps not so impertinent as it might appear, for I already knew Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and had received kindly interest in my work from them both, including an unsolicited broadside from G.B.S. on how to write film scripts.)

This is his reply.

I have no recollection of saying this; but it was good advice on a reasonable interpretation. Keir Hardie was so much one of nature's gentlemen himself that he never could understand that a Cabinet Minister (Sir Edward Grey, for instance) was not only deliberately lying but leading the House to believe that Hardie was lying.

But the Labor members never asked me for advice. Why should they? If they had, I should have warned them to be very careful to eat like gentlemen when they were confronted with dinners of five courses, and not to wreck their health (as some of them did) by making a full meal of each course. G. B. S.

All this was written in red ink on the end of my letter. RONALD GOW

Stratton Road,
Beaconsfield,
Bucks.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Absolutitis

"CASSANDRA has grown hoarse—let others carry on," Arthur Koestler wrote in *The Trail of the Dinosaur*, and so announced his retirement from political controversy. No doubt this is not a "positively last" appearance. But a pilgrimage which, in the manner of pilgrimages had something of the circus in it, has ended. As usual, his timing has been perfect; born journalists cut their losses quickly. It is a professional disaster to outlive one's subject, there is nothing so tragically dead as an exile's wrongs or the intellectual agonies of the immediate past. Rubashov could now study interplanetary travel or extra-sensory perception or speculate harmlessly about the "global" or a "new mutation in man". It is Gletkin's turn to wear the San Benito and talk of guilt, cowardice, masochism and doubt. The Pinks are in the clear. Of course, one does not really believe that Koestler's flattering discovery of English empiricism is going to satisfy him for long; and I think he and other Western Europeans are deluded when they think that the United States is going to provide the means of defending western civilisation while we supply the thought and the experience. The Americans don't care a damn for experience and we shall supply the dead, as usual, if that comes to the issue. But it seems not to be the issue now. The large opportunities for masochism and crises of conscience are not in the large blocks of geography or ideology, but at the racial frontiers.

The present interim does not seem to be the moment for isolating Koestler's political thought from the rest of his work, as John Atkins has done in his new book*. It is a rambling, slapdash study, and so overpitched in its anxiety about the vacuum of Europe and the bankruptcy of France, that it leaves out Germany altogether. It is also often not clear where Koestler ends and Mr. Atkins's interpretation of him begins. The blend is confusing. In any case, Koestler is a journalist and journalism is its own exposition; further, his political thought has always been less interesting than his political experience. Beginning as an infant prodigy—as he has told us in his autobiography—and going on to be the classical wandering Jew, burdened with the guilt of a rejected faith, he has always been able to clank around with a noisy tin can collection of psychological, political, scientific and philosophical jargon; he is compulsive in turning ordinary thought into abstract ironmongery and simple experience into pretentious myth. This is all circus stuff and showing off. The valuable things in Koestler came from his promptness in getting to the centre of current political experience, his skill in not getting too far in and in leaving a way out. No one can describe these episodes of committal and "betrayal"—he is not a flirt—better than he does himself, for he is an exhibitionist who never neglects an opportunity. The exhibition has not always been to our taste, which was approached more closely by the bleak, flat, frugal quixotry of George Orwell, who had our native reserve. But Koestler's experience and manner of describing it played the important part of making us, for a few years, adoptive continentals. He and Orwell took the places left empty in English polemical writing by Wells and Shaw. And left very empty, for while we have never lacked indignant men and consciences in upheaval, we did in the Thirties lack people who had any notion of the continental experience. It is true that Koestler himself attacked the English intellectuals on this account, many times, and now suspects our cushioned peculiarity may have been our luck and our strength. We lost all the first battles to him, but not the last.

Koestler has defined his own condition as "absolutitis." He must be either/or. As he said in his autobiography he saw things dramatically, in pairs. You see a situation. You convert it into a problem. To solve it you divide it conveniently into two: either you arrive or you depart, you are a Yogi or a Commissar, you have insight or you look outward. It is darkness, yet it is noon. These dualisms are dramatic, not to say melodramatic. They also imply violence and the egotist's pointed pistol: either you or me. It has taken a long time for Koestler to see that there may be more than two things to choose from. Limiting himself to two, he has the illusion of getting below appearances to "reality". "The thirst for the absolute is a stigma which makes those unable to find satisfaction in the relative world of the now and the here." There is either dedication to a cause or there is preoccupation with guilt and the self. Either obsession or dilapidation. He has been quite honest about the desire to attract attention which this dramatisation of ideas ensures. It has been a godsend to him as a writer. It has given him that power of magnetising and hypnotically fixing his subject with his eye which has given his best work its effectiveness and which, nevertheless, irks us. The leading malefactors in the European tragedy had this either/or mentality also; and the tragedy of the millions is that they were normal people who were driven into this false world where there were only two choices. Any other choice was called guilt, and after reading Koestler on guilt one begins to protest that it is a fundamental necessity of the civilised and humane being. If we start doing something about our guilt we shall get "absolutitis" egomania and the killing will begin again. It would be less "interesting" if Koestler were to say he was just a restless, energetic, egocentric man who lived by imposing himself on the new thing and that he liked travelling with his own private wailing wall.

Mr. Atkins notes the gulf which separates Koestler from English writers. The difference is the old one: the incapacity for abstract thought or the intellectual parlour games of the café. There is also the gulf between continental and English experience. This was a good deal filled in by the war; but, in any case, we could not take easily to the either/or manner of thinking. Experience continually contradicted it. What book could we put beside *Darkness at Noon*? *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, clearly derived, more original, but not magnetising. Orwell took the "weak" English line that the system he described was "not right"; even more than "not right", it was a "shame". *Darkness at Noon* is the stronger book, because it is unabashedly pleased by the power of the Ivanov and Gletkin arguments, and because it is an abstract of a real world. The novel is an excellent political thriller; it sets an intellectual and moral conundrum and supplies the answer. It is a brilliant chess game, but not a great novel any more than Conrad's *Under Western Eyes* is in the highest class: both novels are theories. The people are abstracted from ordinary life and reported (though with an ingenious semblance of nature) in argument. Imagine *Crime and Punishment* cut to its interrogation scenes, to the world of either/or. What relevant matter has been left out of *Darkness at Noon*? The recent public repentances in Moscow reveal that the Gletkins were not strong men. They were "afraid of Stalin". They were not ruthless through idealism and its working casuistries. They were tyrants living under tyranny itself and corrupted by it. They were not merely corrupt by our standards which Ivanov so brilliantly derides; they were corrupt by their own standards. The Party was not inhuman; it was only too human. Where Koestler imagines an intellectual conflict, there is, in fact, a personal one; or rather, he has presented us with a picture of ruthless collective purpose but has not suspected collective muddle and pusillanimity. It is true that Gletkin does, for one moment, have a glance of fear in his eyes after his interview with Ivanov—that is one of the many admirable small things in the book and gives it some extra depth and reference—and Koestler must be given credit for that.

> "It is all right," said Ivanov. "Tomorrow he will sign. But I had to sweat to repair your idiocy."
>
> Gletkin did not answer; he stood stiffly in front of the desk. Ivanov, who remembered the sharp scene he had had with Gletkin before his visit to Rubashov's cell and knew that Gletkin did not forget rebuffs so easily, shrugged his shoulders and blew cigarette smoke into Gletkin's face. "Don't be a fool," he said. "You all still suffer from personal feelings. In his place, you would be even more stubborn."
>
> "I have a backbone, which he hasn't," said Gletkin.
>
> "But you are an idiot," said Ivanov. "For that answer you ought to be shot before him."
>
> He hobbled to the door and banged it from outside.
>
> Gletkin sat down to his desk again. He did not believe Ivanov would succeed, and at the same time he was afraid of it. Ivanov's last sentence sounded like a threat, and with him one never knew what was a joke and what serious. Perhaps he did not know himself—like all these intellectual cynics. . . .

History, as we now come to know it, suggests that Koestler has given Gletkin an efficiency and consistency that are Central European rather than Russian. It is odd that Koestler, who saw the parallel with the Terror in the French Revolution and who quotes Danton, should not have detected the personal force of the Tyrant, and should have supposed

* *Arthur Koestler*. By JOHN ATKINS. *Neville Spearman*. 16s.

Books on the Way . . .

The Buried Pyramid

ZAKARIA GONEIM

Dr. Goneim, the discoverer of the buried pyramid of King Sekhem-Khet at Sakkara, has written with the assistance of Leonard Cottrell an account of his discovery which recaptures all the excitement of the search, and provides an absolutely authentic record of his findings to date.

Illustrated. Publishing September. **18s.** *net.*

The Golden Ring

GIULIANA ARTOM-TREVES

An informal study of those British and American citizens who settled in Florence about a hundred years ago. There were many famous names in this community of exiles, among them Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Walter Savage Landor and the Trollops, and also many lesser known but equally fascinating characters. Extensive research and skilful use of contemporary sources have enabled the author to create a vivid picture of the Anglo-Florentines. The translation is by Sylvia Sprigge.

Illustrated. Publishing September. **21s.** *net.*

Louis XV
The Monarchy in Decline

G. P. GOOCH

In this new biographical study Dr. Gooch has created, from memories of the era and other sources, an inspired portrayal of the French monarchy in the period of decline which was to lead Louis XVI to the scaffold. The King's upbringing and early environment, the influence of his Regent, ministers and of his mistresses is presented clearly in relation to the decline of the Monarchy.

Publishing September 10th. **25s.** *net.*

Wordsworth:
A Re-interpretation

F. W. BATESON

This critical report on Wordsworth, the poet and the man, was the subject of fierce controversy when it first appeared. This Second Edition contains an important new Preface in which the author answers Mr. T. S. Eliot's criticism of one of the principal theses. A new note draws attention to some excisions from Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere Journals, not hitherto recognized.

Publishing September 10th. **25s.** *net.*

Gorillas were my Neighbours

FRED MERFIELD

Fred Merfield's chief interest, throughout his career as a hunter, was always the rare giant gorilla of West Africa. Eventually he penetrated the remote Mendjim country where by courage and persistence he made friends with the natives. From then on he was to lead a remarkable life, setting up "home" amongst the Mendjims and the gorillas, with a young English wife. For years they led a primitive existence acquiring unique knowledge of the great apes. The fascinating record of their adventures have been set down by the author in collaboration with Harry Miller.

Illustrated Publishing Sept. 10th. **18s.** *net.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

LONGMANS

that the U.S.S.R. at the time of the purges was solely an argument and a system in action. One sees that he has been, as most journalists are, unduly susceptible to reports and conversation.

This criticism does not detract from the power of Koestler's impassioned raid on what was closed territory. Within the book's own terms, it does not matter that *Darkness at Noon* lacked Russian-ness; on a second reading, one is struck again by the resourcefulness of the narration and choice of characters. Nothing could be less wooden; much inspires pity. The story is not tragic; simply, a case is made; there is not a clash of opposed passions or rival goods, but a quarrel among thieves. The splendid figure is the invisible soldier tapping in the cell next door, and it says much for Koestler as a writer and for his unperverted feeling for what is to be valued in life that this courageous and genial figure is so well built up. Koestler has this gaiety. *Darkness at Noon* was the most influential political book in the world until *Animal Farm*. Communists could only be pedantic and sour about either; for nothing comparable either in ability, fervour or effect had been produced in the sterile closed societies. Their very propaganda was bankrupt. But I still think *The Gladiators* a better *novel*. Obsessions narrow the mind. *The Gladiators* gave Koestler encouragement for his aggressive variety of mood, his gift for the pungent and those flights of irreverent humour and daubs of vivid definition which make his vitality as a writer infectious. He was taken out of his obsession with himself. He had the sense to see it would be absurd to harangue the Romans about sex, and we were spared the textbooks. *Scum of the Earth* is one of the books about the Thirties which lasts and will certainly be picked up again by a future generation as a valuable and sincere document. And *Arrow in the Blue*, the first volume of his autobiography, was an amends for the turgidities of his exclamatory works. Shy in personal conversation (he tells us in *Arrow in the Blue*) he felt whole and unafraid in addressing a public meeting. That is a technique of salvation no writer should cultivate. Indeed, he should cultivate only his neuroses.

V. S. PRITCHETT

"The Awful Daring of a Moment's Surrender"

Not for great acts is greatest daring needed.
The gun for murder or the swallowed pill
For suicide by the large end aided is,

The object gives enforcement to the will,
Imparts its own deep grandeur or disgrace.
But needs of no importance keep quite still,

Construct no boldness in the heart nor place
Dramatic scenes resounding in the head.
Such things as groping for a withdrawn face,

A feeling given elsewhere—these exact
Enormous boldnesses, a total act.
Small wonder from demands like this we race

Cowards to great calamities instead.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Crabb's Last Dive

Commander Crabb. By MARSHALL PUGH. *Macmillan. 12s. 6d.*

It is pointless to speculate about Commander Crabb's end without knowing something about his life. Fortunately, Marshall Pugh, who was completing a book about him at the time of his death, can supply us with at least some of the facts. Crabb possessed great physical courage. In all other respects he was a pitiful figure. He regarded himself as a member of the officer class, but he never received any vocational training, he had no money, and he lacked the energy and resourcefulness to earn any. As a young man in the dead Thirties, he held a succession of temporary jobs—as a seaman, an oil salesman, a travelling companion to a rich alcoholic, an advertising agent, even as a photographer's model, displaying trusses. In the intervals, he drank champagne on credit in Rosa Lewis's front parlour at the Cavendish Hotel. He might have been—and possibly was—a minor character in a Waugh novel.

The war brought him temporary salvation. At Gibraltar, and later in Italy, he ran a team of underwater divers whose task was to thwart the efforts of Italian frogmen to blow up allied shipping with limpet mines. It was dangerous and exciting work, conducted on both sides in a spirit of fair play. Crabb got a well-earned G.M., and also, for the first time in his life, the feeling of doing well a job he liked. The end of the war brought him back to reality. He was not a regular naval officer, and after a few temporary assignments he was discharged (he was, in any case, over-age for diving). He had no pension and no prospects. He went back to the Cavendish and once more began his hopeless life of drifting from job to job. In order to scrape a living, he was forced to take on anything that came along, no matter how risky.

The men who employed him on his last dive have a lot to answer for. Crabb was far too old for work of this nature and his physical condition was poor. His death was almost certainly accidental. In order to examine the *Ordzhonikidze* without revealing his presence through telltale water-bubbles, he must have worn oxygen-breathing gear, which has a maximum safety depth of 33 feet. The operation involved diving below this level, with the consequent risk of oxygen poisoning. It seems likely, therefore, that the Russians did not kill Crabb; indeed, they may not have known of his existence until they saw his body drifting by on the tide.

Who sent Crabb to his death? Mr. Pugh's book does not attempt an answer; he supplies the facts and leaves the theorising to the reader. After the storm in the House of Commons, three junior intelligence officials were, it seems, transferred to other duties. No senior commander—and certainly no Minister—knew of the operation until it misfired. This much Sir Anthony Eden admitted to the House. Why, then, did he refuse to say more? If Crabb's death was the result of a routine intelligence operation—as was widely suggested at the time—Sir Anthony could have revealed this, adding that it was unusual, in such cases, to inform the Prime Minister, but that if he had been so informed he would have countermanded the operation as ill-timed. Instead, he bluntly refused to divulge anything. A legitimate inference is that any investigation might have placed the Government in a most embarrassing position. In the secret service world there is a wide no-man's land where officialdom blends imperceptibly into private enterprise. Senior intelligence officials often, for good reasons, prefer to remain ignorant of their subordinates' activities; and these subordinates, in their turn, frequently employ people whose records would not bear public inspection. The British secret service is certainly in contact with a number of dubious refugee organisations, whose declared object was to sabotage the Bulganin-Krushchev visit. Is it possible, therefore, that Crabb was employed by one of these groups, and that his

mission was not to examine the *Ordzhonikidze*, but to destroy it? He had sufficient technical knowledge to handle such a job. He was, moreover, a fanatical anti-Communist, with a deep and frequently voiced contempt for democracy and the Welfare State; any attempt to jeopardise an Anglo-Soviet *rapprochement* would certainly have met with his approval. The affair might have been privately organised without the knowledge of the British authorities, but in such a way that any public investigation would disclose contacts calculated to embarrass the Government. However startling this explanation may seem, it is the only one which makes sense of Sir Anthony's curious behaviour. Admittedly, it is frequently impossible to find rational motives for the conduct of our Prime Minister. Even so, I suspect that the future will show that Mr. Gaitskell's instinct in asking for an inquiry was the right one. He was less happy, however, when he added that "this country would be the poorer if it were not for men like Commander Crabb". In the age of the hydrogen bomb, a spirit of adventure is apt to be an anti-social characteristic.

PAUL JOHNSON

A Traditional Anthology

The Penguin Book of English Verse. Introduced and edited by JOHN HAYWARD. *Penguin Books.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

On the subject of literary freaks and mysteries of taste, consider *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. First consider "Q" himself. His criticism is blustering and empty. His judgment is wayward, under-educated and, from 1850 onward, almost worthless. His prose takes some beating for journalistic flatulence. When he wants to say that his anthology contains American verse, he cuts this little caper: "Nor have I sought in these Islands only, but wheresoever the Muse has followed the tongue which among living tongues she most delights to honour". And then consider the success of "Q's" enterprise. It supplanted *The Golden Treasury*, a better book than his if only because Palgrave had Tennyson to advise him. It was reprinted sixteen times between 1900 and 1939, when "Q" added another hundred pages and a thundering Preface in which he accused modern poets in "these so long favoured islands" of "scorning at 'Man's unconquerable mind'". But his clumsy backwoodsmanship has done "Q" no harm at all. *The Oxford Book* still outdistances all rivals (among which *The London Book of English Verse* was rash enough to challenge direct comparison by virtue of its title); it is still generally regarded as a touchstone of excellence, and, with the help of the Oxford imprint, it has acquired a canonical look, feel and smell about it such as a secular book can scarcely hope for.

And now Mr. Hayward has entered the field. *The Penguin Book of English Verse* begins with poets born after 1500 and it ends roughly at the year 1940; within which limits it excludes only anonymous poems, dramatic verse, and dialect. The book is certain to succeed because of two cardinal merits in its editor. Mr. Hayward's taste is genuinely contemporary, and at the same time it is too deep-rooted to be easily blown about by the winds of fashion. Where there has been a real gain in understanding you will find the record of it here—for example, in the rise of Wyatt (who has more titles to his name than any poet until Ben Jonson); in the space given to metaphysical poetry and in the general rehabilitation of the eighteenth century. And a glance at the end of the book will show that of the Thirties poets Auden is the one who counts.

But this is also a traditional anthology. The Victorians and Georgians are nearly all here. In fact Mr. Hayward tends to be over-respectful towards faded reputations and his emphasis is sometimes perplexing. It seems indefensible that Browning should have more space than Keats—ten poems in all against three of Coleridge's; or that Hardy—good though he was—should have nine poems while Stevenson, Bridges, Housman, Brooke and Owen get one each. The last case is particularly hard to understand because Owen wrote a number of short poems such as "Move him into the sun" and "What passing-bells" and (I think his best poem) "Under his helmet, up against his pack", all of which anthologise perfectly. It cannot be that Mr. Hayward regards such poems as too familiar; he is always ready—and this is the strength of his traditionalism—to make an obvious choice when it is also a right one. Take *Paradise Lost* and *The Prelude* and jot down the passages that immediately come to mind: "Hail holy Light"; "Now came still Evening on"; "Fair seed-time had my soul"; "There was a boy". They are all in his anthology, as they ought to be.

The Penguin Book will command wide respect by its catholicity and it will make contact with many people, especially young people, by its sense of the present. Whether it will oust "Q" I rather doubt: there is a shade too much sanity about it. The more general an anthology, the less it depends on the anthologist's literary qualifications. We shouldn't under-estimate "Q's" extraordinary eupepsia and his ability to jolly us along against the evidence. He had an ear, as he says himself, for the "note of valiancy—of the old Roman 'virtue' mated with cheerfulness". And that's what most of us want to hear.

JOHN JONES

New Short Stories

Six Feet of the Country. By NADINE GORDIMER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The October Country. By RAY BRADBURY. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Traveller, If You Come to Spa ... By HEINRICH BÖLL. *Arco.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here Be Dragons. By ALFRED CHESTER. *Deutsch: Editions Finisterre.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

But life, in spite of everything, goes on. . . . It is, surely, the sense we have of this in a writer's work as much as anything else that marks the difference between art and propaganda. It is a quality, this awareness that suffering "takes place while someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along," that Miss Gordimer, it seems to me, has beyond almost all of the other young novelists and short-story writers who have recently emerged from the Union of South Africa. For a young South African writer not to be aware, almost to the point of obsession, of the racial tensions of his country would be an impossibility, and if it were possible a monstrosity. It is the context in which he lives; but within that context life still goes on, for Black and White alike: normality continues to assert itself, exactly as in wartime. The interesting thing is the clash between this striving for the normal and the abnormal situation which constantly perverts it. This is the dominant theme running through this excellent collection of stories, even in those in which the race struggle is not implicit. Miss Gordimer is a writer of great gifts. She can illuminate life, and not merely South African life; yet it is when her material is specifically South African that she has most to offer, since, for English readers at any rate, it is the specifically South African scene that calls especially for illumination. She seems to understand her coloured characters as readily as her White and to penetrate into them as deeply. There is, for instance, the "big, fat, coloured man, part Scottish, part African Negro," Jake Alexander, in the fine story *Which New Era Would That Be?*, the successful business man who, though he "had decided that for him being on the wrong side of a colour bar was ludicrous, . . . was as indulgent to those who took it seriously and politically, the way Maxie did, as he was to any up-and-coming youngster who, say, showed talent in the ring or wanted to go to America and become a singer." There are the Negro intellectuals of the equally good *The Smell of Death and Flowers*, in which

Françoise Sagan's
second novel
A CERTAIN SMILE

This successor to *Bonjour Tristesse* has been hailed in France as 'un petit chef-d'oeuvre du roman d'analyse.' It is a poignant private journal recording the inescapable love experienced by a girl of twenty for a married man twice her age. 'The perception, the ability to evoke a mood, a passing joy or heaviness, is extraordinarily powerful and effective.'—*The Times Literary Supplement.* 8s 6d net

The Firewalkers
A Novel by
FRANK CAULDWELL

International society in Athens seen with sophisticated humour and a knowing eye. The book is full of sharp, amused, character drawing, and exploits to the full, with innocent urbanity, many astonishing situations that can only be described politely as audacious. 12s 6d net

Ready August 27th

Morning
A Story by
JULIAN FANE

This is a story of childhood: the scene is a large house in the country. The action covers a period of two years: 1938, the first, is all sunshine and quick shadow: 1939 is more deeply overcast by the approach of school and the coming of calamity. It is a work of imagination that evokes with exceptional skill an expanding world with a boy at its centre. 12s 6d net

Pioneers of Popular Education
HUGH POLLARD, M.A., Ph.D.

An important study of the development of popular education between 1760 and 1850 on the Continent and in Great Britain. Mr. Pollard has given a fascinating and authoritative picture of inspired pioneer work in the face of prejudice and opposition, and of achievement. 28s net

★★ H. WOOD JARVIS's history of Egypt *Pharaoh to Farouk* is in great demand in view of the Suez crisis. The 4th Printing has just been ordered.

JOHN MURRAY

a young White girl finds herself caught up passionately in the civil disobedience movement. Stories such as these seem to enclose and express a whole world; and when she wants to, as in *Horn of Plenty*, Miss Gordimer can also, in the space of a single story, present a sharp and valid contrast between two different worlds, between those of New York and Johannesburg.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Bradbury, and perhaps unfair to him, that he should turn up in the same week as Miss Gordimer. His talent is unquestioned, and in this volume he has discarded the trappings of the writer of science fiction in order to concentrate on the horrible. He had undoubtedly seen something nasty in the woodshed, but only in *The Dwarf*, *The Next in Line*, *Touched with Fire* and *The Small Assassin* does he seem here to face up to the horror of what he has seen. These stories are truly macabre: they show his genuine kinship with Poe. Too many of the rest, however, he tends to turn to favour and to prettiness. There is a fatal escape into whimsy and humour; the horrible is side-tracked into the entertaining, and we are back in *New Yorker* country at its slightly less-than-best. When we read Poe we are not primarily conscious of ingenuity: we are conscious of obsession, of obsession with the disintegration of the mind. Mr. Bradbury, except in the stories I have named, is ingenious.

Perhaps the real trouble with *The October Country* is that most of the contents fall into the category of ghost stories, and it seems that ghost stories are only acceptable in times of great security. In our own day, the stuff of the ghost story pales in comparison with the horror of reality, certainly reality as reported in the stories of *Traveller, If You Come to Spa. . . .* Herr Böll's world is that of the German Army in its last days in Russia and of Germany in the months following the end of the war, his heroes the young soldier who joined the Army at eighteen, the wounded ex-Serviceman, the returned prisoner-of-war; but all the stories are told in the first person and whatever the narrator is called, one guesses he is always Herr Böll himself. His stories—of hopelessness on the Eastern Front, of scraping a living and hunting for cigarette-butts among the ruins of the Rhineland—are fragments of experience presented with extraordinary vividness, with an almost lyrical intensity. The scene is chaos, and out of it Herr Böll manages to wrest a wry beauty. Many of these stories are very short indeed, and he is at his best then. Values? What values are left when the known world is destroyed? Comradeship perhaps, complete disillusionment—for disillusionment can also be a value—with any organised society, and the belief in unregimented happiness and in personal relationships that flower in spite both of chaos and of order. In other words: life, in spite of everything, goes on. And it is the sense of this that dissolves the bitterness of Herr Böll's passionately felt stories, which, incidentally, have been put into excellent English by Mr. Mervyn Savill.

Mr. Chester's *Here Be Dragons*, presented very elegantly in the best tradition of Anglo-Saxon *avant-garde* Paris publishing, shows great promise. The achievement is uneven: two of the four stories, *A Dance for Dead Lovers* and *Rapunzel, Rapunzel*, strike me as no more than technical exercises of a kind that clever young Americans in Paris have been writing at almost any time during the past thirty years. The first story in the collection, however, *The Head of a Sad Angel*, is something very different. This sharp, subtle and loving evocation of a toothless Polish countess, a pianist of genius who has dedicated herself to the teaching of genius, is a beautiful piece of work.

WALTER ALLEN

A History of Poland

O. Halecki

The eight hundred years of Poland's independent history are described, and new chapters include accounts of Poland's rebirth after World War I, her twenty-one years of independence, her outstanding contribution to the allied cause in World War II, and her trial during ten years of Russian-imposed Communist domination. 21*s.*

★

NEW IN EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Coleridge's

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The text of Coleridge's masterpiece (containing the essence of his important critical views, and intimate glimpses of his friend Wordsworth) is here completely revised and re-annotated and presented for the first time as the author intended it. 7*s.*

★

2ND PRINTING ALREADY!

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DENT

All Honourable Men

Conspiracy among Generals. By WILHELM VON SCHRAMM. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

English liberals have for a long time tried to have it both ways with the German generals. In the days of Schlieffen and Ludendorff, when they dominated the civil government, they were wrong; in the days of the Nazi regime, when they failed to dominate it, they were wrong, too. The fact is that the problem of military allegiance under the Third Reich is one far too complex for a simple moral judgment even of the most abstract and academic kind, and when it presented itself to responsible individuals as a matter for urgent personal decision the choice was agonising. Did the German officer corps recognise a higher loyalty than their oath of allegiance to the Head of the State? Such a reservation is constitutionally impermissible: it turns the army into a supreme court of appeal. But if the Head of the State is a Hitler? Faced with such an issue, it is hardly surprising that the generals took refuge in the comforting certainties of military obedience. The technical expertise of the staff-trained mind provided no help, and the traditions of an aristocracy long since stripped of power and responsibility were little better. Certainly the Generals' Plot was, in every sense of the word, noble: von Tresckow and von Moltke, von Stülpnagel and von Stauffenberg died as admirably as had any of their ancestors on the battlefield; but it was at least a century too late for the German nobility to start turning itself from Tories into Whigs.

Ritter von Schramm's book deals only with the Paris end of the Generals' Plot, and it adds nothing of substance to what we already know. The narrative is vivid and sympathetic. Everyone behaved like gentlemen, even the SD officers who investigated the conspiracy. All, all were honourable men. The specialist will lament that the book has been ruthlessly truncated from the German original, that there is neither index nor bibliography and that no authorities whatever are quoted for the very detailed statements in which the work abounds. The general reader may well complain that it is quite absurdly lacking in tension. The preliminaries and origins of the plot are referred to only in flashbacks; the book opens at its climax with the news of Stauffenberg's *attentat;* and since within a matter of hours von Kluge, the Commander of the German armies in the West, had dissociated himself from the whole venture as a "bungled affair," there remains little to consider save the hunting down of the conspirators. Throughout there runs the theme, impressive, amusing or sickening according to taste, that the nobility were the real guardians of German honour, the backbone of the conspiracy; and constantly the plaint reappears, so universal now in Germany: If only Rommel had been there! "Rommel with his deep national feeling, his sane Swabian understanding, his consideration for others; he was the only one who could have controlled a situation so desperate."

This, of course, is nonsense. And, anyhow, what could Rommel have done? The author contends that in Paris as nowhere else the Army was in control of the situation, and that the decisive moment was that when von Kluge pronounced against the conspiracy. But what if Rommel had been there instead of Kluge? Would he have seized control, withdrawn his forces from France and marched on Berlin like a new Cæsar on Rome? In the face of an enemy set on unconditional surrender, it is in the highest degree doubtful. Von Schramm, like the plotters themselves, forgets that Hitler and the German army were not the only protagonists involved. The allied war machine would not have stopped for them, either on the Western or, more important, on the Eastern fronts. Appalling as was the choice which lay before the generals, it was not one which could any longer affect the destinies of their unhappy country. Therein lay their real tragedy.

MICHAEL HOWARD

See Here, Private Ross

The Funny Bone. By J. MACLAREN ROSS. *Elek Books.* 15*s.*

I was on my way to the Naffy Rest Room to write another story of Army life when Corporal Dexter called me over to Company Office.

"Hey there, Ross! Gillo! You're on a thickun."

"What is it this time, Corp.?" I said. He'd had me on jankers the week before for "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline" after I'd told him I'd been educated in France.

"O.C. wants to see you at the double. Novelist, aincher? Write for *Punch*? You'll come out so fast, your feet won't touch. Cap off, lad. Escort!" A pimply G.D. man sprang to attention. "Prisoner and escort, qui-ick march! Lef'-ri'-lef' -ri'-lef'-ri'-" Stamping and wheeling like a pantomime horse, we clattered into the O.C.'s office.

"6027033 Private Ross J.? You are charged under Section 284 of the Army Act with conduct calculated to discredit the profession of literature, in that you published under your own name a volume of burlesques and parodies, to wit *The Funny Bone*, exposing to ridicule the works of certain well-known writers, notably Miss Nancy Mitford, Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. Christopher Isherwood, Mr. Henry Green, Mr. William Faulkner, Mr. Terence Rattigan, Mr. Raymond Chandler, Mr. Nevil Shute, and Mr. H. E. Bates, otherwise Flying-Officer X. Corporal Dexter?"

"Sir! Acting on information received, Sir, I proceeded to the Unit Library. I was informed by the Education Officer that the said volume had been removed from the shelves until such times as the heavy demand for it among Other Ranks should cease. The said volume had already been borrowed widely by O.C.T.U. candidates, and copies were circulating in the barrack-rooms of A Block. Borrowing of the authors parodied by Private Ross had fallen off, and Unit morale, Sir, was jeopardised." Not for nothing had Corporal

Dexter studied the Generals' memoirs serialised in the Sunday papers. He believed that a good N.C.O. should put himself in the picture.

"Thank you, Corporal. What was your general impression of the book?"

"It seemed to be taking the mickey, Sir."

"Well, Ross, what have you got to say for yourself? This isn't the first time you've been up on a charge. There were those wartime stories of yours. Sheer insubordination. Now I see you're sneering at that grand old yarn-spinner Nevil Shute—pal of mine, by the way. *And* at one of the boys in blue—well, old boys in blue, anyway. To say nothing of the ladies. Ought to be ashamed of yourself. Trying to be funny, are you?"

"Not exactly, Sir. Most of them were written for *Punch*. And I wouldn't quite call it sneering. After all, parody's a form of criticism, really, and Malcolm Muggeridge says—"

"*Who?*"

"My editor, Sir. He says I'm the best living parodist."

"What about that fellow—that *Condemned Playground* chap?

"Connolly's been Y-listed, Sir. *Hors de combat*. And anyway, it's not just a book of parodies, Sir. It's a sort of anthology—a few short stories, some essays, my memoir of Alun Lewis. Second-Lieutenant Lewis, that is. And a few George Orwell-ish pieces, on Conrad's Marlow, Chesterton's Father Brown, Edgar Wallace's Bones and E. A. W. Hornung's "Bunny"—you know, the accomplice of Raffles."

"*Raffles?* The gentleman-cracksman johnny?"

"That's right, Sir. So you see, Sir, it's not all highbrow stuff."

"I see. Something for everyone, eh? If they don't twig your criticism, they laugh at your jokes and reminisce over your detective-writers, is that it? Your're a pretty brainy fellow, Ross."

"Thank you, Sir."

"But why don't you write a real book instead of these what-you-ma'-call-it—these jottings?"

"I am, Sir. Part II of my autobiography, Sir. It's called *Threnody on a Gramophone*."

"Good God. I must have a look at that when it comes out. To tell you the truth, I rather liked *The Funny Bone*. Damned subversive, of course. I suppose I'd better give you seven days' C.B. or have you anything else to say?"

"Well, Sir, there's a parody of the *New Statesman* in it, you know."

"Good heavens, man! Why didn't you say so in the first place? Case dismissed. Carry on, Corporal."

"I reckon you got off bleeding lucky," muttered Corporal Dexter as we marched noisily away.

RICHARD MAYNE

More About the Scrolls

The Dead Sea Scrolls. By MILLAR BURROWS. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s*.

Professor Burrows dated his preface May 9, 1955. Five day later *The New Yorker* published an article by Mr. Edmund Wilson, "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea," which soon appeared in book form, before Dr. Burrows's book was out. Mr. Wilson had stolen the thunder. He is an eminent literary critic, already having the ear of the public, and his story was exciting: no less than a claim to have found the origin of Christianity. Dr. Burrows belongs to the academic world, of the department of Near Eastern languages, Yale University, and the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem. He could not hope to overtake Mr. Wilson's "hot news."

Yet he may be the better guide. Mr. Wilson generously commends his rival's book, on both front and back of its dust-cover; yet it shows the weakness of his case, though not written for that purpose. Factually Dr. Burrows describes the discovery of the scrolls and the excavations at Qumran, and the archeological, palaeographic and historical questions involved. Candidly and fairly he reports the often bitter controversies they have aroused. As a central figure in the discoveries and discussions, he writes with authority, to find out the facts rather than to put forward a theory.

There is still disagreement among experts, but the accepted view is that the scrolls are remnants of the library of an ascetic Jewish community, settled at Qumran for two centuries until destroyed by the Romans in the revolt of A.D. 66-70. One scroll gives the community's rules, which also appear in another document found at Cairo in 1910. Dr. Burrows gives a full translation of these and the other non-Biblical scrolls. There are parallels with the accounts of the Essenes given by Josephus, Philo and Pliny; so the community was probably Essene or related thereto. As almost nothing was known about the Essenes except from the writers mentioned, the scrolls increase our knowledge of an obscure period.

It has often been suggested that Jesus and John the Baptist were Essenes, though the differences are as striking as the resemblances. But perhaps the Essenes, though a closed brotherhood, strict in sabbath-keeping and ceremonial bathing, commissioned John and Jesus to relax the rules for the sake of popular preaching. Lightfoot's answer to this, made in 1875 in his commentary on Colossians, has hitherto been considered decisive, but the scrolls have reopened the question. One of them, a commentary on Habakkuk, contains cryptic references to a teacher of righteousness, persecuted by a wicked priest; elsewhere a ritual meal of bread and wine is mentioned, and there are verbal parallels to sayings in the Gospels. Professor Dupont-Sommer of the Sorbonne builds more on this; according to his translation of these passages the teacher was regarded as the Messiah, who rose from the dead and will judge the world at the Last Day. This is not Jesus, says Dupont-Sommer, but a forerunner who lived a century earlier, in the warlike days of the Maccabees. He did not found the community, which already existed and was led by priests; but he was the prototype of the founder of Christianity.

This convinced Mr. Wilson, and he feels that he can explain the discrepancies in the various documents. "The defiance of the Teacher of Righteousness, the pacifism of Philo's Essenes, and the turning of the other cheek of Jesus" are "successive stages of the adjustment of the Jews to defeat." Resentment against the Romans gave way to political helplessness. So Qumran is "perhaps more than Bethlehem or Nazareth the cradle of Christianity." He detected in the Jewish and Christian scholars who have been working on the scrolls "a certain nervousness, a reluctance to take hold of the subject and to place it in its historical perspective," because of "their various religious commitments."

Perhaps Dr. Burrows's book has reassured him; for here is a candid discussion of all the theories, including Dupont-Sommer's. The latter depends, it seems, too much on disputed translations, and the evidence is too slight to bear the superstructure. The scrolls and excavations give valuable information about one kind of Jewish sectarianism in the two centuries before the fall of Jerusalem, confirming and extending what is already known. Christianity arose from a related but not identical part of Jewish sectarianism, opposed to the more respectable Pharisees and Sadducees; so we know a little more about the probable ideas and vocabulary of Jesus and his first followers. This may mean that the legalism of Matthew's gospel and the gnosticism of John's are not so secondary as was formerly supposed. Fifty years ago Schweitzer warned the liberal theologians that Jesus was not an amiable Victorian social reformer, but belonged to his own age; but Schweitzer's own picture of Jesus made him a Wagnerian tragic hero. As Mr. Wilson says, the scrolls should help us to a better historical perspective. But the task of interpreting them is harder than he allows, and his enthusiasm for one striking theory is corrected by Dr. Burrows's wider review.

The inquiry is not yet over; there are still more texts to be published, and perhaps even more discoveries to be made.

H. L. SHORT

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HART-DAVIS

Human Nature

The Prevalence of People. By MARSTON BATES. *Scribner.* 25*s.*

For cocktail party conversation Dr. Bates has worked out a standard gambit: "'Science,' I will say in my most serious and thoughtful manner, 'is the characteristic art form of contemporary Western civilisation'." He adds that, curiously enough, he half believes this even when cold sober. Dr. Bates has a habit of making a statement and then of looking back at it rather dubiously and pointing out either that the terms he has used are woolly and undefined or that the data on which the assertion is based are questionable. His book is therefore refreshingly different from those works "for the general reader" in which the provisional conclusions of science are presented—without the evidence—as final. Confident assertions can be made about eclipse times or the weight a bridge will bear; but statements on human biology usually have a wider area of uncertainty.

Dr. Bates is concerned with just that field of study, including the numbers and quality of human populations, the control of human reproduction, and war and sickness, in which the difficulties of scientific study are most severe. These subjects he discusses with the greatest urbanity but with rather few numerical data and—alas—no diagrams or drawings save two maps of migration routes. "If there is a basic thesis in this book," he writes, "it is that the numbers of men . . . can best be understood in cultural terms." Accordingly our rapid cultural or social evolution is given due emphasis, although as Dr. Bates says, it "takes the study of man out of the realm of ordinary biological methods." As an example there is the question whether a given population will increase or decline, and at what rate. The recent history of many countries, including our own, has included a quite unexpected rise in the birth rate, while that of the people of India has been marked by a willingness, equally unexpected by many, to adopt birth control. Here is a human activity which arouses the most uncontrollable emotions, one which might be held to reflect the most unalterable of "instincts", yet in this as in other ways human behaviour is shown to be alterable almost from moment to moment.

Dr. Bates is concerned with the destruction of life as well as its creation. "The most curious of the causes of death in man," he writes, "are those in which man is the agency of his own death—murder, homicide, suicide, war." As a collective term for these he provides *anthropoktony*, and on this subject too he is both enlightened and enlightening.

> The most effective and widespread methods of population control among pre-literate peoples seem to be infanticide and abortion. The horror of infanticide is so firmly rooted in our own culture that it is difficult to realise how exceptional our attitude is.

And on war Dr. Bates firmly rejects the "dismal conclusion" that because the practice is widespread it must be "derived from some basic and unalterable element of 'human nature'."

Most of the recent popular books on human populations, especially those by Americans, have coupled pessimism about the infertility of the "intelligent" with despair at the fertility of mankind as a whole. Admittedly, most if not all authorities on human genetics reject eugenic ideas, including the notion of declining national intelligence, as based on naive oversimplifications; Dr. Bates does so too, though without giving the arguments against them at all fully. His consciousness of human adaptability leads him to be equally sceptical of confident predictions of famine and disaster.

In all the difficult ground he covers, Dr. Bates seems to me to fall into only one trap: in a reference to the idea of a "classless society" his semantics, for once, fail him, for he shows himself unaware that "class" in this context means "economic class"—and that in a special sense. But even here he points out that societies are at least not necessarily competitive.

This is a book of real wisdom. It may not convince men of letters that science is a major art form, but it helps to show that we need no longer be slaves to "Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men."

ANTHONY BARNETT

Virgin Soil Upturned

Did you know that Mikhail Sholokhov is now writing a sequel to his famous book? The first chapters of this new and important work were published in a recent issue of

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Gentlemen Abroad

The Mediterranean. By JASPER MORE. *Batsford.* 25*s.*

Spain. By YVES BOTTINEAU. Translated by O. C. Warden. *Nicholas Kaye.* 25*s.*

The Lion and the Lily. By ANDREW SHIRLEY. *Putnam.* 30*s.*

Summer at San Martino. By ERIC and BARBARA WHELPTON. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

The Mediterranean is a handsome book with ninety-three excellent photographs: a great deal of information is assembled in it, and the author has included the less familiar regions to the east and south. Mr. More is industrious, cultivated and enlightened; and his special achievement—one would have thought it impossible—is to make the Mediterranean sound dull. It is without surprise that we learn from the jacket that he is a barrister and a Justice of the Peace, for he goes about his inquiry in so very judicial a spirit as to make us wonder if the findings were not delivered to the publisher securely bound in pink tape.

"A sense of proportion and a judicious disposition of the lights and shades," he tells us, "have been the continuous aims in the presentation of a picture, mirrored in the mind of an English gentleman, of the region which in spite of all vicissitudes remains both the most beautiful and the most interesting of the modern world." It must be feared that Mr. More is one of the vicissitudes in question. To the sense of proportion he joins—and he would doubtless inform us that it is the same thing—a sense of humour in every way worthy of the Bench. Delicately he suggests that what distinguishes his work from the usual "admirable" guide-book is the presence of a point of view; but it is a point of view held by so many thousands of other English gentlemen as to fall a little way short of stimulation. We may depend on him for the expected remark, from the desirable approach to Venice to the qualities of Mediterranean fish: although here he does give us the treat of a small surprise, in that he finds "Dublin Bay prawn" to be a "curiously outlandish name" for prawn that are in fact fished in Dublin Bay. It is pleasant, too, to read of the fervent loyalty to the British Crown of those engaging chancers, the Gibraltarians.

Nevertheless those who love information for its own sake, who cannot see the English gentleman's view of life too often stated and who are undismayed by the prose, light and musical as an Army convoy, will find rich pasturing here.

Lovers of Spain will delight in the illustrations to M. Bottineau's book. They are extraordinarily fresh and vivid, with the happy effect of bringing, by this little scene or that, the whole country alive in the memory. The familiar grandeurs of cathedral, palace, landscape and painting are presented again but often under a novel aspect: as, for example, the Castillo at Ciudad-Rodrigo with the inflated pig-skins hanging decoratively in the foreground, or Zamora, town of dust and decay, taken here from across the banks of the Duero in a study that wonderfully conveys the luminosity of a Spanish evening: or the Cathedral proudly breasting Salamanca while the washerwomen kneel at the river's edge. There are many glimpses of Spanish life, curious or homely, of the harvest, of women gossiping by the well or selling their beautiful *cantaros*, the worried gentleman between the horns of a bull in Pampeluna, a young mother baring her breast before an interested crowd to feed her baby, the men sunk in deep Iberian apathy on the quays of Almeria.

The pictures alone make the book worth while; and they are accompanied by a lively text, descriptive and informative, if somewhat marred by the lyrical flights to which Frenchmen in Spain are subject and which never do well in English: "It is not the ochre colour of the houses but the musical confidences that the stones murmur to those who love their hues" is a fair sample of what to expect in this line.

Mr. Shirley had the interesting idea of visiting the former English possessions in France, and in *The Lion and the Lily* he deals mainly with the castles, churches and monasteries he saw on a journey through Brittany to the valley of the Dordogne. The regions are unknown to me and I know nothing about architecture, but as a general reader I found the descriptive and historical parts of his book immensely enjoyable. He arouses, at least in one ignorant breast, the wish to know more and he has the gift, not common, of bringing what he describes sharply before the mind's eye.

His comments on life and literature are not always so happy. He will be fortunate if he escapes correspondence with admirers of Dr. Johnson; and he occasionally utters hearty British nonsense, such as "With a decent Government, people who can work like that could conquer the world again." He shares the distaste of Britons Abroad for Britons Abroad, and their knowingness in matters of food and wine; but on his ground he is an agreeable, instructive and unpretentious companion. This book, too, is well illustrated.

Summer at San Martino is a puzzle. It reads like just another chatty, slipshod account of someone's Italian holiday. But the blurb reveals that we shall look on the map for the San Martino Peninsula in vain, supposing, of course, that we look at all. It is an imaginary setting for an imaginary village, but "typical." The characters are "as vivid as if they had really existed." A disquieting development in the literature of travel.

HONOR TRACY

Vicky

The Empress Frederick. By RICHARD BARKELEY. *Macmillan.* 30*s.*

On January 25th, 1858, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia in the chapel of St. James's Palace. It was a happy and auspicious occasion. Fritz was tall, handsome and serious, an idealist, a romantic liberal, and deeply under Albert's influence. Vicky was lively and intelligent and her father's aptest pupil. It was hoped that under their rule Prussia might come to adopt more liberal ways, and might even accomplish Albert's dearest ambition, the unification of Germany on constitutional and progressive lines.

That was the expectation; it all worked out very differently. Frederick never attained a position of power. An ageing and helpless Crown Prince, he watched his father, William I, survive wars, crises and attempted assassinations and reign until 91, all the while under Bismarck's control. When he finally succeeded he was suffering from cancer of the throat and lived only some three months more. Vicky for her part never managed to make Germany her home. The Prussian court was narrow and suspicious. She disliked German boots, German etiquette and the want of bathrooms. As a representative of what he called the Anglo-Coburg combination, she provided a heaven-sent object for Bismarck to dislike, and he disliked and thwarted her with great energy so long as he remained in power. She became the object of a steady campaign of detraction and abuse. The hospitals she ran for the army during the war of 1870 were too English and had too many windows. Her schools for the higher education of girls included outdoor exercises in the curriculum and were resented. She was accused of trying to postpone the bombardment of Paris, of being eager for power and filling her husband with foreign ideas. It was a miserable and frustrated existence. She poured out her disappointments in her letters to her mother, long, passionate, expostulatory letters, filled with underlinings and exclamation marks, telling of Bismarck's latest outrage and her son Willy's latest boorishness.

> One is so sick and weary of a system which stoops to means which are so low, even if it be wielded by ever so great a man. . . . How long, how long, will all this last!!!.... Prince Bismarck's power and prestige are greater than ever, the poor dear Emperor is but a shadow, and Willy is Prince Bismarck's willing tool and follower!

Willy (the future William II), for reasons not adequately explained, grew up to become her open enemy. Her husband died, and it was said inevitably that her English specialist had bungled the treatment. She retired from Berlin to her estate near Frankfort, nursing her grievances and her ideals. Ravaged, lofty, grief-stricken in her black mourning silks, she looks out from her portrait of 1900, a notable addition to the European gallery of dynastic martyrs.

This is a sad, intimate, devoted, rather uncritical account of her life and sorrows. As history it is much simplified—Vicky and Fritz and the liberals on the one side, and on the other the reactionaries led by Bismarck. There is no adequate recognition that neither conservative nor liberal is a label to be easily affixed to Bismarck, or of his liberal years and mass of liberal reforms. And though Dr. Barkeley admits his heroine's defects, he stands too close to his subject, is too loyal, to avoid inflating her importance a little. For example, we read of her keen political judgment. But is this not very much the empty language of the court memoir, of the same kind as the attribution of diplomatic genius to Edward VII? Vicky's letters certainly give no strong evidence of political acumen; they are an odd emotional jumble of attitudes, and the style too like her mother's.

The real interest of the story centres about those three months in 1888 when Frederick ruled as shadow Emperor. He and his wife, it is said, spoke throughout with the voice of 1848, the submerged voice of German liberalism, and it is natural to suggest that, had he lived, Germany would have taken a much more enlightened course. But is this in fact so? Frederick was a National Liberal, and in the Reichstag that party was at one with the Conservatives in supporting Bismarck. Some years before he had himself agreed to retain the Chancellor and drop the idea of parliamentary government. It is, to say the least, doubtful whether he would have made great changes in 1888. The tragedy of the German liberals lay not so much in their exclusion from power as a result of some accident as in the readiness with which they accepted the illiberal framework of the Empire, withdrew from practical politics and cherished a liberalism purely of the spirit. "Why were we then in opposition?", Vicky writes: "Because our patriotism wanted to see the greatness of the fatherland linked with the noble feeling of right, moral behaviour, of freedom and culture, of independence of the individual. . . ." This is the characteristic note—the face of the Empire plus vague moral aspirations; and in their high-minded and ineffectual lives Vicky and Fritz are worthy symbols of the liberal cause.

PERCY CRADOCK

Shorter Reviews

Buffalo Bill and the Wild West. By VICTOR WEYBRIGHT and HENRY BLACKMAN SELL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 35*s.*

From a mountain of myth, Mr. Weybright and Mr. Sell have mined a factual biography of William Cody, splendidly illustrated and printed but oddly unsatisfying. The fault, one suspects, is in the writing—the style is pitched somewhere between a popular magazine and a book written for intelligent adolescents—and in the authors' detachment from their subject. They are interested in Buffalo Bill, one feels, in a perfunctory manner, as a "saleable" subject for a biography, and not, as Bernard De Voto might have been, passionately engaged in their subject. Compare, for instance, their treatment of Buffalo Bill with De Voto's account of Jim Bridger and the fur traders in *Across the Wide Missouri*; neither the personality nor the setting are effectively evoked. To them, Buffalo Bill is a curio, not an uncertain, insecure man torn between a real career and an imitation of it.

This does not mean that they misrepresent Cody or underestimate him. This book, so far as it goes, does justice to a very remarkable man, and the record of his career, from his first trips with the waggon trains to the final tragic years when he had become almost the bond-slave of Tammen and Bonfils, those extraordinary rogues who founded the *Denver Post*, is painstakingly set out. For this reason, if for no other, this book makes a useful contribution to the history of the American West at the moment when it was being translated from reality into a commercial myth—a transformation in which Cody, with his Wild West road show, played an important part. But it is not the book that it might have been if its authors had lived with the primary sources, instead of raiding them for material.

N. M.

Freshly Remembered. By CECIL ASPINALL-OGLANDER. *Hogarth.* 25*s.*

Thomas Graham, the distinguished soldier who acted as Wellington's second-in-command during the later stages of the Peninsular War, was duly rewarded with a peerage (the Barony of Lynedoch) and a pension; but his adventurous career has received little appreciation from posterity for lack of a competent biographer. General Oglander has now had access to the private papers faithfully treasured by Graham's family, and in a delightful book is able to do full justice to the determined character of this energetic Scots laird. The first half of Graham's life was spent in uneventful domestic happiness, with a beautiful wife, on his family estate. At the age of 44, when his wife died, he was wandering disconsolately abroad when the British naval expedition sailed from Gibraltar to Toulon in 1793. He joined the fleet as a volunteer; became unofficial A.D.C. to the general defending the fortress against the French counter-attack, and displayed singular courage and initiative in action. On realising his aptitude for war he went home to Scotland, where he raised a regiment at his own expense and was thereby enabled to start a professional career in the army with the rank of colonel. Parades on the barrack square meant nothing to him. He was always a thruster for active service; and his faith in his own ability to lead men on the battlefield was justified by events. After fighting in Italy, Malta and in Moore's retreat to Corruna he was given the command of a British division alongside the Spaniards at Cadiz in 1810. In an hour's fighting on March 5th, 1811, 4,000 British troops led by Graham utterly routed 7,000 French under Marshal Victor and broke the blockade of Cadiz.

Owing to the incompetence of a Spanish general the victory of Barrosa was wasted; but Graham's fame as a dour fighter was established. Napoleon, who never personally faced him in battle, referred to him as "a daring old man," and, in fact, Graham was liable to overdo his audacity. Later, at San Sebastian and Bergen-op-Zoom, he was responsible for launching determined attacks which did not succeed. Graham's successful manœuvres at Barrosa and at the battle of Vittoria can be attributed to the self-confidence that he transmitted to his men and his *coup d'oeil* on the battlefield. His early years in the hunting-field had trained him to take swift advantage of fleeting changes in any tactical situation. But, as a general, he never ranked higher than a brilliant amateur.

R. P.

Agatha Harrison. An Impression by her sister IRENE HARRISON. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.* 6*d.*

The best comment on Agatha Harrison (which is quoted in this little memoir by her sister) was made by Lionel Fielden. He became her friend when he was sent to organise broadcasting in India. He remarked that though "he knew and loved her for a long time" he could "never discover exactly what position she held." (She was one of a group of friends who went backwards and forwards between Britain, India

The Second World War

Grand Strategy

VOLUME V

by JOHN EHRMAN

Six volumes of the Military History are being devoted, under the general title *Grand Strategy*, to an account of the central direction of the war at the highest level. The present volume is one of two written by Mr. Ehrman covering the Allied strategic offensive planned at the first Quebec Conference. Illustrated with photographs and maps.

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Studies of Overseas Supply

by H. DUNCAN HALL *and* C. C. WRIGLEY

Complementary to *North American Supply* (Civil History, 1955), this addition to the War Production Series describes in detail how and to what effect the broad policies of supply were translated into action. 37*s.* 6*d.* (post 1*s.* 6*d.*)

HMSO

from the Government Bookshops or through any bookseller

and the United Nations, finding ways of making politicians and publicists both in India and Britain listen to reason.) "Where an Indian problem was," wrote Fielden, "there was Agatha Harrison. But not, mind you, so that you'd notice her. To look at her, you might suppose that she spent her life on gardening or knitting. She would defer charmingly to every idiotic opinion you uttered. Later, and very gently, there would come some pawky little remark which shattered everything you had said." Miss Marple was not more unexpected—nor more expert. Few people know how much of the best thinking and writing which led to Britain's peaceful withdrawal from India was inspired by Miss Harrison. Only in the headquarters of power in both countries—in Gandhi's Ashra and on the Viceroy's staff—she was listened to with deference. Those who knew her will be grateful for her sister's affectionate industry in gathering together the chief dates and details of her life, and including a memorable photograph of her early morning walk with Gandhi. K. M.

The Statesman's Year Book, 1956. Edited by S. H. STEINBERG. *Macmillan.* 42*s.*

This is still the best one-volume guide to geopolitics and, with over 1,600 closely-filled pages, good value for two guineas. The 1956 volume contains some timely additions: a comparative table of world oil production, an excellent map of the Persian Gulf Oilfields, and details of the new Soviet five-year plan. Strongly recommended to journalists, politicians, members of H.M. Foreign Service and Mr. Sefton Delmer. P. J.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,381

Set by Walter Allen

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt—not more than 150 words of prose or 16 lines of verse—from a new masterpiece entitled *The Offsider* or *Wedlock and After* written in collaboration by Messrs. Angus, Sandy and Colin Wilson. Entries by August 28.

Result of No. 1,378

Set by Honest Abe

American cartoonists are helped by having the donkey and the elephant as traditional symbols of the Democratic and Republican Parties respectively. Competitors are invited to suggest similar zoological symbols for British political parties (Labour, Conservative, Liberal, Communist), with brief dictionary explanations (limit 50 words) as to how each came to be adopted. Two or more to be attempted.

Report

The donkey and the elephant started public life in 1874, when Thomas Nast first employed them in his cartoons for *Harper's Magazine*. Since then they have become the cartoonist's standby—symbols that even the near-literate recognises. They remain, however, satirical symbols rather than official party emblems. This distinction seems to have escaped many entrants, who supplied reasons why British parties should themselves adopt animal emblems, not reasons why their opponents should portray them as one animal or another. Entrants should have borne in mind Low's T.U.C. horse, which is closest to American practice. Perhaps I should have asked competitors to suggest suitable symbols for use by cartoonists. They might then have realised that the symbol has to be visually convincing rather than verbally clever. J. R. Till, for example, made a good pun in suggesting the kingfisher for the Tories ("from its flashy blue appearance and habit of darting from one bank to another"), but can anyone see a cartoonist in a mass-circulation newspaper using the kingfisher as an immediately recognisable symbol of the Conservative Party? The strict dictionary entry by George Sutherland was clever:

> *Communist.* Parrot. "A repeater of the words of others." Par—bogey (U.S.) rot—red (German).

So, too, was K. Alexander's Liberal penguin, which "stands erect and flat-footed and walks with a tread so stately and dignified that the sight is irresistibly comic." With the Communist kangaroo, Denis Constable came closer to a usable symbol:

> A fascinating animal noted for the great distances it can cover in a short time by means of bounding leaps and also for the very remarkable device which nature has given it for the carrying of fellow travellers.

So did Granville Garley with a Tory octopus.

> A creature with a hard beak and soft underbelly; its sucker-like appendages are capable of exerting pressure.

To those who went too far beyond the conditions, I commend the thought expressed in a footnote by J. P. Mullarky: "I enjoyed doing it and if you enjoy reading them I shall be happy. Who wants a prize? I won a guinea last week and I can't live entirely for money". If the three entrants printed below do live for money, they may share the prize.

Labour: The zebra. Has striking livery, but under modern conditions provides perfect camouflage; ruptive pattern, i.e., breaks up general contour; invisible when movement forward. Originated by Beatrice Webb in 1924 when Ramsay MacDonald and other members attended Royal Garden Party in top hats and striped trousers.

Conservative: The mantis. Popularly known as praying (sometimes—preying) mantis; very aggressive; while waiting for victim adopts attitude of prayer. Term applied derisively to Mr. Baldwin on being seen in Bewdley church in April, 1926: later adopted by the local party with the motto, "Watch and Pray".

P. W. R. FOOT

The mandril became the popular symbol of *Conservatives* after Labour opposition spokesman, attacking alleged influence on government policy of a group of extreme-right backbenchers, compared Conservative Party to this ape, which ". . . from the front resembles other primates, and keeps its true-blue element to the rear".

The gecko lizard has been identified with the *Labour Party* since a foreign observer remarked that both ". . . are of fearsome, dragon-like aspect, terrifying to the ignorant, but easily tamed and useful to the wily householder in keeping truly dangerous visitors out of the home".

APPLE TREE

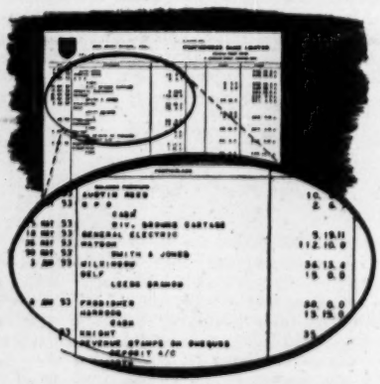
Conservative: A tabby cat. During the 1960 elections, the Conservatives endeavoured to popularise a lion as their symbol. When a cartoonist depicted the lion as a tame cat, Sir Anthony Eden remarked: "There is nothing wrong with the domestic cat. It gives us a splendid example of contentment in its proper station in life".

Communist: A white bird. The popular belief that the bird is a crow and symbolises the party's ability to make black appear white, is erroneous. It is "Picasso's Dove", and dates from the Peace period of the party's history.

A. P. O'DOWD

Putting it plainly

We provide for our customers, in the ordinary course of business, a form of Bank Statement which leaves nothing for them to puzzle over. Everything is plainly shown: cheques paid and the names of the payees; sums received and a day-to-day balance of the account. In this way, and in many others, we make banking easy to understand.



WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

City Lights

The Devil His Dues

All eavesdropping suggests that assiduous newspaper-readers can now deal competently with the life of M. de Lesseps, the importance of oil, and the size of Colonel Nasser's ambition. If they seem rather less sure in their handling of the *Compagnie Universelle*, whose nationalisation has caused all the bother, the fault lies with those optimistic newspaper librarians who only file clippings from other newspapers. British investors have never taken much interest in the Canal Company and a surprising number of stockbrokers feel shy with accounts drawn up in French: the filing cabinets are relatively bare.

The bones of the company stick out plainly enough. There are 100,000 Founders shares, and 800,000 ordinary shares—of which the British Government holds 44 per cent.—divided into Capital and Jouissance: the Capital, as well as their dividend, get interest of 5 per cent. payable in old gold francs, and are gradually transformed into Jouissance by the operation of a sinking fund. The company's distributable profits are shared out in fixed proportions—10 per cent. to the Founders shares, 71 per cent. to the ordinary shares, 15 per cent. to the Egyptian government, and 2 per cent. each to the staff and directors.

In the year just ended, the company's revenue amounted to about £35m, all but £2m of it drawn from transit dues and fees. Running expenses—including £8½m paid out in one way or another to the Egyptian government—came to £18½m; of the £16½m profit, some £5½m was put to reserve and the rest distributed, the dividend going up from 9,250 to 9,500 francs per share. As for assets, the company's net book worth was about £54m at the end of last year. Some £40m was held in the form of loans and investments and quoted investments were worth 78 per cent. more than their balance-sheet value. Only 9 per cent. of short-term and 3 per cent. of long-term investments were held inside Egypt.

It is worth grinding through these details, not merely to give an idea of the company's value, but to rub home the fact that it has the look of an ordinary commercial undertaking. Given this and that its charges are already at a fair commercial level (whatever that may be), it is argued that Egypt can only increase the canal's income by raising dues so exorbitantly as to infringe the right of free passage. The company's profits have in fact risen, like those of other companies. But they have risen very slowly, while the volume of shipping passing through the Canal has risen enormously: last year's tonnage was 3½ times the pre-war figure and half as much again as in 1950. Profits have not risen correspondingly because dues have been repeatedly reduced, and that at a time when other shipping charges have been rising steadily: the ratio of profit to revenue dropped from 38.2 to 28.6 per cent. since 1951.

The company, in fact, seems to have had an unusually strong sense of duty towards its customers. "In the past", according to the Shipping Correspondent of the *Financial Times*, "since the canal has been controlled largely by maritime countries, dues have been kept as low as possible". A look at the Board confirms this feeling. There are 32 directors, who shared £218,000 between them last year. Five, after steady pressure, are Egyptian. There is one American, the ex-ambassador to Cairo, and one Dutchman, a shipping magnate. Sixteen are French—including the President (an ex-head of the French Foreign Office) and a sprinkling of other eminent ex-diplomats and Civil Servants, a contingent of Ducs, Barons and Vicomtes, the present Comte de Lesseps, and a heavy contingent from French shipping and oil companies. The nine British directors follow the same pattern of interests. There is Lord Hankey, of course, Sir Alexander Cadogan (former head of the Foreign Office), the Commercial Minister in Paris, and another government appointee with considerable experience in India and Afghanistan. But there is also Sir William Currie (the chairman of P. & O.), Sir Harold Bibby (chairman of the Bibby Line), Lord Rotherwick (now chairman of Union-Castle as well as of Clan Line), Sir Harrison Hughes (another shipowner), and Sir Hubert Eves (a former director of British Petroleum).

Colonel Nasser's advisers, probably enough, have decided that shipowners are not being charged enough for passage through the canal. Without nationalisation, he might have adopted the Iraq government's way of dealing with the Iraq Petroleum Company, taking his share not of actual profits but of profits which would have been made if the company had chosen to charge the market price for its product. With nationalisation, dues are likely to rise quite sharply.

* * *

The Robinson & Cleaver Board are putting up an extremely good fight against their bidders. The dividend has been pushed up from 25 to 40 per cent. (so taking up nearly all the profit), and the expansion programme now set out should make this level seem somewhat less unnatural next year. This increase, plus the asset backing of £7 5s. a share, makes the current bid of £5 look considerably less attractive—particularly since the market price has already reached that level.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 353. Bowdlerising Bowdler

Being a stern objector to any attempt at "expurgating" the classics I was none too favourably disposed to the late Thomas Bowdler; hence, it was not without some glee that I found a game of chess played by that very man and much in need of expurgation. He won it (against Lord Seymour) in 1796, and it is only fair to add that at the chess board timid Tom showed none of that bashfulness he suffered when peeping at Shakespeare's and Gibbon's more virile expressions. It is, indeed, quite a dashing game, almost unhealthily exuberant, and readers will easily see how White's 7th move and one or two others could well do with some bowdlerising.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(13) Q-Kt4 ch	K-B2
(2)	B-B4	B-B4	(14) Q x P	Kt-Q2
(3)	P-Q3	P-QB3	(15) Q-Kt3	P-Kt3
(4)	Q-K2	P-Q3	(16) Kt-Kt5 ch	P x Kt
(5)	P-B4	P x P	(17) B x P ch	K-Kt2
(6)	QB x P	Q-Kt3	(18) B-Q5 ch	K-R3
(7)	Q-B3	Q x P	(19) P-Q4	P-Kt5
(8)	B x P ch	K-Q2	(20) B x P	K-Kt4
(9)	Kt-K2	Q x R	(21) P-B4 ch	K x B
(10)	K-Q2	B-Kt5 ch	(22) Q-Kt3 ch	K-R4
(11)	QKt-B3	B x Kt ch	(23) Q-R3 mate	
(12)	Kt x B	Q x R		

Here now—van Scheltinga-Henriksen 1955—comes a game of rather more theoretical value, for Scheltinga, of course, is among the most industrious contemporary experts of opening theory. The game was played in the Dutch-Danish correspondence match and it may well be called an unsuccessful attempt at bowdlerising an established concept of modern theory. Scheltinga set out (and failed) to prove that (7) P-K5, a move universally condemned in a certain variation of the Scotch Game, is still playable. Evidently, he hadn't bargained for Black's excellent 9th move (to be followed up by . . . O-O, if White took the KBP).

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(8) B-KB4	B-QB4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9) O-O	P-B3 !
(3)	P-Q4	P x P	(10) P-KR3	P x P
(4)	Kt x P	Kt-B3	(11) PxKt? (B-Kt3!)	P x B
(5)	Kt x Kt	KtP x Kt	(12) P-B4	O-O !
(6)	B-Q3	P-Q4	(13) Q-R2	Q-R5 !
(7)	P-K5 ?	Kt-Kt5	(14) P x P	P-B6 ! !

White resigned since (15) Q x B would be unanswerably countered by . . . Q x KtP, while (15) B-K4 would fail against . . . B-Q3, and (15) P x KBP against . . . Q-Kt6 ch.

A: Durao 1955

The 4-pointer for beginners is a very instructive game-position in which Black seemed to face the loss of both his advanced pawns. How did he force the promotion of one of them? B and C—both wins for White—are very brilliant studies and not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 27.

B: Herbstmann 1945

C: Bondarenko 1952

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 350. Set July 28

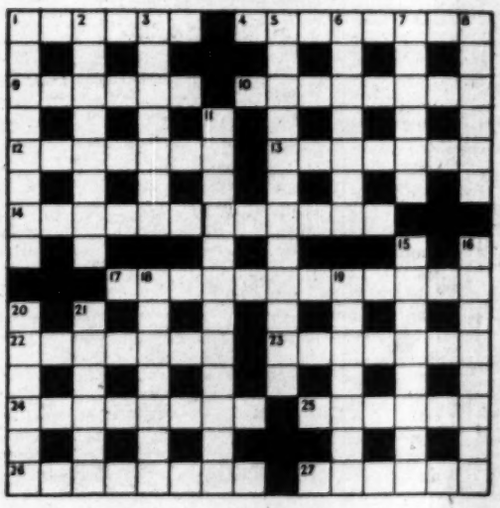
A: (1) P-Kt4 ch, P x P. (2) RP x P ch, K-R5. (3) Q x RP ch! Q x Q. (4) K-R2! etc.
B: (1) Key: B-Kt5.
C: (1) R:Q8 ch, K-R2. (2) R x Kt ch, K x R. (3) P-B7, R-Kt 6 ch! (4) K-R6!, R-Kt1. (5) Kt-Q7, B-K4. (6) P x R (Q) ch, B x Q (7) Kt-Kt6 mate
If (1) . . . K-B2; (2) Kt-K6 mate.
If (4) . . . R-R6 ch; (5) K-Kt6, R-Kt6 ch. (6) Kt x R etc.

An easy lot and a good many flawless solutions, (some bouquets, too, for Allan's pretty study). Prizes shared by W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. Mitchell, J. M. Reid, C. Roblin.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 212

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 212, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 28.



ACROSS

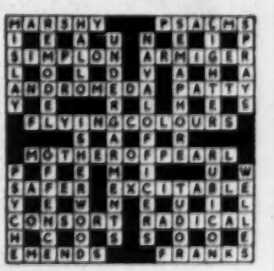
1. Variation of the sad final events (6).
4. "Grasping at majesty in the least things, while you —— it in the greatest" (Ruskin) (8).
9. Author who puts the king into convulsive tears (6).
10. Works in a reckless gesture failing (8).
12. A target revised for the races (7).
13. A great baker running away? (7).
14. What the young woman has in store for the painter of nudes? (6, 6).
17. For certain philosophers it is real confusion being surrounded by tangles (12).
22. The soldiers took another mouthful of food (7).
23. Tax conversation with her in France (7).
24. "Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with ——" (Sheridan) (8).
25. Joined it in the nude perhaps (6).
26. Plant climbed behind the stone (8).
27. The United Nations exists on complete agreement (6).

DOWN

1. Seed scattered all round the bed to provide a picture (8).
2. Claim a town with no capital (8).
3. He finishes with a speech in Latin. What a hero! (7).
5. A device for lessening friction, it gives direction in dancing (12).
6. To encroach, as the devil on the dean (7).
7. An oriental twice makes excuses (6).
8. Enlist to join battle (6).
11. Light holders preserve old age climbing with staffs (12).
15. Keeps apart; is love stale perhaps? (8).
16. The story-teller to finish in grey (8).
18. Referee when changes have been made in the twenty-two (7).
19. The French embargo on a foreign power (7).
20. Peculiar supporter, by the sound of it (6).
21. "The —— architecture of the snow" (Emerson) (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 210



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 210

T. M. Iley (S.W.1), J. S. Ormston (Newcastle upon Tyne), R. A. D. Forrest (Harlow, Essex).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIAN Broadcasting Commission. Script Editor, Head Office, Sydney. The Australian Broadcasting Commission invites applications for appointment to the position of Script Editor, Drama and Feature Programmes on the Head Office staff of the Commission, Sydney. The successful applicant will be appointed at a salary according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,723-1,943. Applicants should state age and nationality and furnish full particulars of experience in broadcasting and qualifications as a Script Editor. Duties will include recommending to the Director the acceptance or rejection of plays or features submitted for sound broadcasting or television; editing and checking of such scripts as are accepted; interviewing prospective playwrights and the collation of criticism on scripts submitted; adapting and cutting plays for both sound and television. Experience in both sound broadcasting and television is desirable. Applications will close on September 1 and should be addressed to the Overseas Representative, Australian Broadcasting Commission, 54 Portland Place, London, W.1.

BRITISH Museum: Assistant Keepers (First and Second Class). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 7 pensionable posts: (a) 2 in Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts, (b) 1 in Department of Manuscripts, (c) 1 in Department of Coins and Medals, (d) 1 in Department of Egyptian Antiquities, (e) 1 in Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, (f) 1 in Department of British and Medieval Antiquities. Appointment under (a) may be to First or Second Class according to age and qualifications; all others are to Second Class. Age at least 28 on September 1, 1956, for a First Class post and at least 22 and under 26 on that date for Second Class post with extension for Forces Service, established Civil Service and exceptionally well qualified candidates. Candidates must have, or obtain in Summer 1956, either a university degree with First or Second Class honours or a higher university degree, and must have a competent knowledge of two modern languages, preferably French and German. Under (a) for one of the posts a degree in or knowledge up to Honours standard of Hindi and/or Bengali or alternatively Tamil and/or Telugu is required; for the post under (b) a good knowledge of Latin is essential; under (c) a degree in Classics is preferred and the successful candidate will be expected to acquire some knowledge of Sanskrit; under (d) a degree in Classics or Semitic language is preferred and the successful candidate will be expected to make a special study of the ancient Egyptian language and of Coptic and to gain some acquaintance with Demotic; under (e) a degree in Classics is essential as well as adequate evidence of an interest in archaeology; under (f) the two modern languages must be French and German. A special interest in Palaeolithic and Mesolithic archaeology, some knowledge of those Natural Sciences (Geology, Palaeontology, Zoology, etc.) with which Palaeolithic archaeology is closely connected, and experience of field work and excavation are desirable. Inclusive salary scales. Assistant Keeper (First Class) £1,013 to £1,610 (men); £919 to £1,488 (women). Assistant Keeper (Second Class) £539 to £776 (men); £539 to £701 (women). Women's pay being improved under equal pay scheme. Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory service with H.M. Forces. Prospects of promotion. Salary scales are under review. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 131/56/7. Application form should be returned by August 28, 1956.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably experienced men for appointment as Resident Superintendent at Stamford House, Goldhawk Rd., W.12, which is to be reorganised as a combined Remand Home and Classifying Centre for 100 London boys. The classifying work will entail preparing a complete picture of social history, background, needs and potentialities of each boy committed to an approved school recommending the school considered to be best suited to his needs, and providing those who will be responsible for his future care and training with a comprehensive report and recommendations for his treatment. The Superintendent will need to direct the staff of the centre as a team: to supervise the observation and testing of boys, the school work (probably with the assistance of a principal teacher), and the child care duties and day-to-day administrative work arising in an establishment for 100 boys. Salary £1,200 × £20—£1,300 plus a responsibility allowance of £150 and less £130 for board, lodging and laundry. Details and application forms available from Children's Officer (G1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by September 22, 1956. (1572)

SPRINGFIELD Hospital, Tooting, S.W.17. Senior Clinical Psychologist (whole-time) required. Candidate must hold an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland. Salary £1,000 × £40—£1,280 plus London Weighting. Subject to N.H.S. regulations, Whitley Council Conditions, and medical examination. Applications, giving full particulars and names of two refs. should be addressed to Group Secretary at the hospital within ten days.

WELFARE Society reqs. Assistant for male rehabilitation centre 14 miles London. Starting salary £4 10s./£5 p.w. Apply S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester, School of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Child Psychology from men or women graduates with qualifications in psychology and experience with children. Salary at Lecturer grade £650 to £1,350 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience; at Assistant Lecturer grade £550 to £650 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. All applications to be sent not later than Sept. 1, 1956, to Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MINISTRY of Education: Victoria and Albert Museum: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one post of Research Assistant (Grade II), in the Department of Textiles. Age at least 22 on August 1, 1956. Candidates must have a University degree in an Arts subject (a degree in Economics will be accepted for this purpose) and a reading knowledge of one modern foreign language; but candidates will be considered exceptionally if they have experience of special value to the Museum. Knowledge of the history and display of costume is an advantage. Starting salary £525 (women £519) at age 22 up to £655 (women £627) at 26 or over. Maximum £805 (women £715). Women's scale being improved under equal pay scheme. Good promotion prospects to Research Assistant, Grade I (£925-£1,135). Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 237/56/7. Completed application forms should be returned by August 30, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. An appointment is to be made of an Administrative Assistant in the Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Duties will include administrative control of the Department, preparation of class programmes, reports and statistics. Applications are invited from young graduates of a British University, with a keen interest in adult education. Salary within the range £500 plus £50 to £900. Apply in writing to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne 1, not later than fourteen days after the appearance of this notice. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Department of Economics. Research Worker required for one year in first instance, with possible extension to 18 months, to carry out a study of families in which earnings are interrupted by death or illness of breadwinner. Knowledge of research methods, experience in interviewing and capacity to work independently are essential. Case work experience is desirable. Salary from £700 to £850 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Details from Registrar, University of Bristol, Bristol 8, to whom applications with names of three referees should be sent as soon as possible.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, St. John's Gardens, S.W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) required. Experience with both adults and children desirable. Applications from experienced Social Workers not holding Mental Health Certificate will be considered. N.H.S. salary scale according to experience plus London Weighting. Post vacant September 1. Hospital may be visited by appointment VIC. 8161 extn. 325. Applications as soon as possible naming two referees to the House Governor.

LONDON Family Welfare Association have vacancies for Senior Case Workers who must hold a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University, and have had recent experience in case work. Salary from £500 p.a. according to experience. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, Family Welfare Association, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

COUNTY Council of Durham. Further Education Staff vacancy. Lecturer (full-time) required for Lambton Castle Residential College for Adult Education. Further details and forms of application (returnable by August 31, 1956) from G. H. Metcalfe, Director of Education, Shire Hall, Durham.

THE "Jewish Observer and Middle East Review" requires an Assistant Editor. Adaptability and experience most important; knowledge of Israel and the Middle East an advantage. Apply in writing, enclosing details of experience to The Editor, Jewish Observer and Middle East Review, 129 Salisbury Square House, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Housing Assistant required for duties mainly in connection with the housing waiting list, including interviewing and home visiting. Some general management duties and rent collection. No housing accom. available. Applicants should be between the ages of 25-50 years. Salary within special London scales (£330-£375 or £350-£640) according to experience, age and qualification, plus London weighting £30 per annum. Applications with full particulars and names of two referees to the Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1, to arrive not later than August 29, 1956.

ASSISTANTS required for research in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Degree an advantage. Salaries up to £455 a year according to age and qualifications. Particulars of education, experience, age to Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce & Social Science, the University, Birmingham 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Workers' Educational Association—North of Scotland District. Applications are invited for the post of District Secretary. Salary scale £700-£950 according to qualifications and experience. Full details and application forms obtained from the Secretary, W.E.A., 24 Adelphi, Aberdeen. To be returned not later than Sept. 5, 1956.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Full- or Part-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. for Child Guidance work initially in the Hayes area. The Hayes sub-centre, Lannock Rd., Hayes, is attached to the Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre. M.H. Cert. of L.S.E. or equivalent. P.T.A. salary. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (S.A.E.) from District Education Officer, Manor House, Church Rd., Hayes, returnable as soon as possible. (Quote T.353 N.S.) Canvassing disqualifies.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require a Senior Statistical Assistant in the Utilisation Research Section of the Commercial Department at Headquarters, E.C.2, to assist in applying statistical methods, especially sampling and regression analysis, to problems of consumer and load research, and to advise on statistical matters. Candidates should have a University degree in Mathematics or Economics with Statistics as a special subject and be experienced in the application of mathematical statistics. Salary £819-£895 p.a. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, by August 25, 1956. Quote ref.: N.S.N./872.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Children's Officer, Grade A.P.T. VI (£880 × £40—£1,080), from persons who hold a Degree, Social Science Diploma, or equivalent qualification. The person appointed will be required to deputise for the Children's Officer in his absence. Applicants should be familiar with all the duties and responsibilities under the Children Act, 1948, and should be fully trained social workers with extensive case work experience. N.J.C. Conditions of Service, superannuable post, medical examination. Applications, stating date of birth, education, qualifications, experience, present and past appointments (with dates and salaries), copies of testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned by September 4, 1956. John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

ESSEX. Vacancy for a part-time Child Psychotherapist (4 sessions a week) at the Child Guidance Clinic, Grays. Fee payable is 1½ guineas per session of up to 3 hours. Applications in writing, giving particulars of training and exp., to Divisional Educ. Officer, Upminster Court, Upminster.

ASSISTANT Organiser required to be mainly concerned with Welfare Work with Physically Handicapped. Qualifications and/or experience in Social Work essential. Salary £400-£450 according to experience. Forms of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Council of Social Services, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

MID Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service. Psychiatric Social Worker required for St. Albans and Branch clinics. Applics. to Medical Director, Child Guidance Clinic, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, Herts.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden of the Residential Co-operative Education Centre, Collington Rise, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, accommodating 68 persons. Applications, giving particulars of age, qualifications, previous experience, and names of two referees, to be sent to Secretary, Co-operative Youth Centres, Ltd., Dalston Hall, near Carlisle, to arrive not later than September 1, 1956.

INTERESTING work for enterprising Nursery School Teachers and others available as House Mothers in experimental home for psychotic and grossly maladjusted children aged 3-10. Applications to Secretary, Mid Herts Grp. Hospital Management Ctee., Bleak House, Catherine St., St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

YOUTH Leader (woman) wanted for Southmead Youth Clubs (Pen Park Girls' Club), Bristol, to be responsible primarily for girls' club but also to co-operate in mixed activities. Youth club experience essential or similar qualifications. Salary scale £338—£630 (subject to increments for equal pay; entry point on scale according to qualifications and experience). Application form and particulars from Secretary, Bristol Youth Committee, 27 Great George Street, Bristol, 1, to be returned within 14 days of this advertisement.

ROYAL Free Hospital School of Medicine, Hunter Street, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant (woman) in the Registrar's Department, vacant mid-September. Some experience and secretarial training essential. Preference given to graduate. Salary £475 × £20—£595. Five week's holiday. Apply as soon as possible to Secretary with names of two referees.

NON-resident teacher (female) required for girl, 15½. P.N.E.U. System. London, N.W.11 area. Box 6341.

TELEVISION Co. reqs. Ledger Clerk. Interesting work, salary £8 10s. Canteen. Fine's Employment Agency, 12 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. KNI. 4551.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Labour Party has a vacancy for a Committee Clerk on the staff of the Parliamentary Labour Party to commence in October next. Applicants should have had committee, secretarial or administrative experience and have a good knowledge of political affairs. Shorthand would be an advantage. Salary £650 rising to £800 (plus £50 late-night allowance). Superannuation scheme. The position will entail some evening work. Applications giving age, qualifications and experience should be addressed to Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq., S.W.1, before Friday, Sept. 7, 1956.

AN APPEALS Organiser and General Secretary required. Must be able to act on own initiative in arranging Fund Raising Functions. Experience in Committee procedure, compilation of brochures and book-keeping desirable. Permanent situation. Applications will be treated in the strictest confidence. Write to Hon. Sec., Central Maccabi Fund. Box 6687.

HOUSEFATHERS reqd. to take charge of cottages for 42 children at Hutton Res. School, Essex (cottage-type home for 476 deprived children). Joint appointments housefather/housemother available for married applicants. Training and/or expce. essential. Salaries: Housefather £479 8s. × £14 2s.—£549 18s. Housemother £451 4s. × £14 2s.—£521 14s. each plus £17 12s. 6d. p.a. for H.O. Res. Child Care Cert. and less charge for board, etc. Applic. forms and details from Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/1488), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

REIGATE Constituency Labour Party invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary in accordance with the National Agreement. Party Car and Office Premises. Application forms from Mr. J. Lyons, 47 Station Road, Redhill, Surrey, to whom they should be returned not later than September 12, 1956.

APPLICATIONS are invited by British Actors' Equity Association for an assistant in legal department with some administrative duties. Legal qualifications or experience an advantage. Salary in accordance with experience. Write to General Secretary, 8 Harley Street, London, W.1.

AMERICAN publishers require personnel, m./f., pref. with car, to work in Germany. Arduous, interesting, exceptionally highly paid. Brittan, 3 John St., W.C.1, HOL. 0618, or Ebbutt, Amexco, Wiesbaden, Germany.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires experienced shorthand-typist for Editorial Dept. Commencing salary £8 10s. plus luncheon vouchers. Pension scheme. Write particulars of age, education, & exp. to Staff Sec., 224 Great Portland St., W.1.

ACTORS' Equity requires experienced Clerk to become responsible for membership records. £8 15s. p.w. Trade Union conditions. Write 8 Harley Street, W.1.

INTELLIGENT secretary to a documentary and technical film unit. Must have all necessary qualifications plus interest in film making. Box 6650.

S/TYPIST reqd. to assist editor on interesting publications work. 5-day wk. Commencing salary £6 to £7 weekly according to age and exper. Institute of Personnel Management, 8 Hill St., W.1. GRO. 6000, X 306.

FEMALE clerk-typist (age immaterial) required as Secretary of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue Religion School, London, N.W.8. Pleasant and interesting work. Some correspondence—S/H an advantage. 5½, 5 or 4½ day week to suit applicant—remuneration in proportion. Telephone Mr. Levinson (CUN. 5181) for appointment.

TRAVEL agency has interesting, permanent, office vacancy, work June to September and mid-November to mid-March rest of year free. Might suit someone wishing supplement private income or pension. Continental Transport, 357 Strand, W.C.2.

THE Nature Conservancy require a Secretary to the Conservation Officer for Wales. Salary according to age and experience. Applications and enquiries to Dr. R. Elfyn Hughes, The Nature Conservancy, Memorial Buildings, U.C.N.W., Bangor.

PART-time book-keeper required to help with Publisher's accounts. The work would entail approx. 8 hours once per week; if necessary, it could be done at home. Would suit retired person. Box 6742.

SECRETARY/Sht./Typ. reqd. by Director of Car Co. £500. No Saturdays. W.1. Fine's Employment Agency, 97/99 Praed Street, W.2. AMB. 3400.

OIL Co. offers interesting post to copy typist. Salary up to £495 p.a. City. Fine's Employment Agency, 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4. FLE. 3232.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

SECRETARIAL jobs are plentiful. 3,000 temp. & permanent jobs avail. with top salaries. We're friendly people, call & see us. Acme Sec. Agcy., 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end.) GRO. 4577.

£5 to £3,500. Appointments. Avian req. all staff. M/f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDUCATED women wanted for several interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Shorthand and typing necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

SH/TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week. Hall, Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly, W.1. GER. 1067.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, social workers, housekeepers, matrons, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

SAILAWAY Children's Community, Bosham, Sussex, req. intelligent, understanding, responsible male on staff. Some knowl. gardening, livestock. Clean driving lic. Full board plus £7 p.w. Refs. essential.

AGENTS for industrial gifts. Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Road, N.7.

MAYFAIR coffee bar reqs. 3 glamorous assistants. Please give tel. no. Box 6613.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WANTED, job books/antiques; slight knowledge Southern counties. Box 6557.

WOMAN, 39, expd., adaptable, would like post on domestic side of progressive (non-cranky) school where son, 4, could be accommodated. Home Cnties pref. Box 6738.

BACHELOR, 36, slightly disabled, seeks escape office routine, boarding-house life. Suggestions: Box 6662.

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs, etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London. W.1.

PERSONAL

LABOUR Party Annual Conference Reports wanted, for years 1940 & earlier. Set or separate copies taken. Box 6711.

HOLIDAY wtd. by housewife-teacher, rtn. help ckg. &/or children. Box 6726.

SQUARE & Country Dancing, Aug. 31 weekend at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; "The Art of Living," Sept. 7-21. (Checkendon 221.)

LUCY, book sold, write 4 Kent Terrace, N.W.1. Love you always. Teacher.

VILLA overlooking Mediterranean on Amalfi drive to be exchanged Oct. & Nov. for house or flat in London. 6 rms., 2 bedrms., terrace gdn., patio, hot water, etc. 105 Viale Roma, Positano (Salerno), Italy.

HOLIDAY arrangements needed for boy aged 6½ of widowed father. Box 6664.

LADY graduate seeks holiday post. Experienced teacher English to foreigners, Italy, England. Box 6577.

KINGSTON U.N.A. Youth Group (v. bright sixth formers) needs speakers on anything for autumn mtgs. Expss., but regret no fees. Anyone help? Write: "Amesbury," Ashley Park Ave., Walton-on-Thames.

LONDON—Maggiore. Sep. 8. Co-driver &/or comp. wtd. Volkswagen. Box 6621.

EDIN. Fest. Rm. vac. Aug. 19-31. 10 mins. centre. 10s. 6d. B. & B. Box 6632.

YOUNG man aged 29 requires last week Aug., 1st week Sept. holiday employment. Accom if possible. Box 6643.

FREE furnished s/c flat on large yacht available for person willing caretake. Refs. reqd. Details from Box 6645.

ENGLISHWOMAN, living in Provence, wonderful sunny situation in hills 12 miles from, but in sight of, coast takes 2 or 3 paying guests; country comforts, good food and, it is hoped, company. Car at disposal of guests by arrangement. Suitable for serious artists or writers, but not for aged or infirm, or children. Box 6647.

IS there keen science student wd. welcome his/her keep & opportunity conduct research in congenial atmosphere return few hours weekly teaching, Scotland? Sim. offer practising artist-craftsman/wom. Box 6648.

SPANISH: Lady (W.C.1) exper., gives private lessons. All grades. Box 6708.

RENT-free modern flat, garage, offered Doctor. Duties: 'phones, bells and few medical. 75 miles London. Box 6703.

GERMAN taught by Viennese, mod., or exch. against English/French. Box 6669.

COMFORTABLE home suitable spinster or widow in return for help in the house. 3 in family. BARnet 7733.

INTERESTING, inexpensive holiday wanted by two girls for week/s August 25 to September 1. Box 6731.

ENGLISH girl, 26, visiting Rome Sept. 3-14, wishes join private party for sightseeing, etc. Write Box 6732.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre, Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

COUPLE would like seats in car travelling to Spain Sept. or Oct., returning 2 or 3 weeks. Share expenses. Box 6736.

PERSONAL—continued

PORTRAITS 20-60gns.: London exhibitor; experienced; good taste and likeness; time or distance no difficulty. Box 6406.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

YOUNG man seeks companion (m.) for leisurely holiday Europe, Sept. 1-14, sharing expenses. Box 6722.

WOMAN writer, 26, son, 6, urgently needs cottage S.W./W. England for low rent or part-time sec./farm help. Box 6748.

HOLIDAYS not yet arranged? We can still include you in our parties to the Dolomites and Lido di Jesolo near Venice (Aug. 25), our Swiss house party on Lake Geneva (Aug. 26), to Pertisau, Tyrol, or La Baule, Brittany (Aug. 31) or in one of our September parties in Italy, Switzerland, Austria, the South of France, Spain or in the Rhineland at Wine Harvest time. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

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FOREIGN Languages an Asset, "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, Casablanca, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FORRIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

EXP. Tailoring. Suits from £14 10s. S. Hirsh, 92 High St., Edgware. EDG. 2275.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SUEZ Canal. Basil Davidson's "What the Arab World Really Wants," 6d. "What is Happening in Vietnam," 6d., booksellers or Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. (Postage 2d.)

INTIMATE family "Letters by Mrs. Marx," written whilst Karl Marx was working on "Capital." Never before published in English. In the August "Labour Monthly." Also: "A New Atmosphere," by the Belgian Socalist veteran Camille Huysmans; "Breakers Ahead," R. Page Arnot; "Crisis in Motors," Peter Kerrigan; "Technical Education and the White Paper," Charles Harrington; "The New Socialism," Sancho Panza. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly postal subscriptions from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

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HEALTHY Childhood, by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), S. Sn. 5 & 8, The Young & Beautiful. Mems.

UNITY EUS 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Summer revivals. Until Aug. 19: "Shane" (A). From Aug. 20: "Never Take No For an Answer" (Gallico's "Small Miracle") (U). From 23: Huston's "African Queen" (U.).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Aug. 19, 6 dys. The Road (La Strada). A. Ital.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Aug. 18. Yves Montand in Clouzot's "Le Salaire de la Peur" (A). 1, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40. Open to public.

BAKER Street Jive Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Skiffle & Jive. Skippering Skiffiers. Pers. appearance French Creole singer Ruby Marsalis. Sats., Sun. 8ish-latish.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat. Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. 1956-7 Season will include Bach's Christmas Oratorio and Alessandro Scarlatti's Stabat Mater. Practices Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. Good musicians in all voices are invited to apply to Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3, for details of audition on September 7.

NONSUCH Singers. A few vacancies for people with experience and reading ability. Monteverdi, Gesualdo, Palestrina, etc. Also (exceptionally) Brahms Liebeslieder Walzer. Rehearsals Tuesdays Victoria Str. area, from Sept. 18. Apply Ronald Vincent Smith, 14 Ulster Place, N.W.1.

EXHIBITIONS

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart. Important Dutch, Flemish and English Paintings; Tapestries & Furniture. 10-7 week-days; 2.30-7 Suns.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

JEAN-François Millet. Exhib. of drawings. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Sept. 15. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

THIS is Tomorrow—integration of the arts. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Open till Sept. 8, weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

"THE Family of Man"; World's Greatest Photographic Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall. Weekdays 12-7. Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Schoolchildren 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three new painters. 11-6 daily.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Group Show of Painting and Sculpture. Also Picture Lending Library.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Summer Selection. Annual Mixed Show. July 21-Aug. 18.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on August 25. M. Claude le Sache (Alliance Française): "Le métier de comédien."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Aug. 22, 7.30. "Equality at Work." P. J. Thurman, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SEMINAR: Status of Women. Caxton Hall, August 25. Sessions 2.15 and 6.30. Opening: Dame Irene Ward, D.B.E., M.P. Experts' Reports: Women in Industry, Professions, Public Life, etc. 3s. each Session. HAM. 2281.

ANNIVERSARY Liberation of Rumania. Celebration Meeting. Programme includes Bucharest Youth Dance Ensemble. Sunday, Aug. 26 at 7.30 at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1 (off Tottenham Ct. Rd.). Adm. 2s. 6d. (British Rumanian F'ship. Assn., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.)

"SMOKING & Cancer," D. W. Morris Muirhead, Mon., Aug. 20, 7.30, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. London Natural Health Soc 2s..

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WEEK-end conference, Sept. 7-9, High Leigh, Hoddesden, delightful surroundings. R. S. W. Pollard: Impressions of China; E. Wallace: Youth in Industry; Kathleen Nott: Is the Modern Novel too Technical?; W. B. D. Brown (Glacier Metal Co.): A Different Way of Looking at Management; H. J. Klare: New Ways of Dealing with Offenders. Private coach from London. Charge 53s. Apply Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.2.

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